

## THE "FAILURE" OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

**P**ROBABLY there is no saint whose name occurs in the Church's calendar, perhaps there is no hero in history, who has more enthusiastic admirers than St. Francis Xavier. Certainly it would be hard to find more highly coloured panegyrics than those which have been written of him, from his own brethren in France and Spain to our own poet Dryden. The boundless range of his horizon, his life of utter devotedness, the splendid fruit of his labours, all appeal to every man who looks for greatness, and compel him to pay homage. The most materialistic and the most utilitarian, whatever they may think of saints as such, are forced to acknowledge that here, at least, was a man, even while he was a saint. That one should surrender all that Xavier surrendered for the sake of his fellow-men, that he should seem to have no limits to his giving, or to the people to whom he gave, but perhaps, above all, that he should have succeeded in doing the enormous work he did, all this appeals to the man of action and results, who reckons work done by the price that is paid for it and by the fruit that is reaped. Hence it is that panegyrists, both inside and outside the Church, dwell most of all on this aspect of the saint as that which appeals to every man.

At the same time, one cannot help asking oneself whether in matter of fact this side of his life is the one which is really most to be admired. One cannot help asking whether St. Francis Xavier himself, were he now in heaven allowed to select, would choose this glorious picture of himself as the one that redounded most to his credit, or as the one he would most bring before men's notice in proof of the manhood that was in him. To anyone who reads between the lines of the story of his life the fact of the other side is only too evident. In his own day, and among his own people, he was by no means the great success we, looking back, can see him to have been. On the contrary, we are not without proofs, both internal and external, that by many at least of his contemporaries he was thought a failure. While here and there he had a few staunch friends, and while his

capacity for friendship is manifest in every letter that he wrote, still there is, throughout his life, a certain isolation and loneliness which cannot be mistaken. At times he seems almost to cry out against it; when, for instance, he writes to all his brethren in Europe, saying he would gladly write to each one if he could; when in his moments of distress he addresses a single faithful follower in India; when he leaves all alone and hides himself away to seek the one Friend who, he knows, will never fail him.

From the day when he decided to throw in his lot with St. Ignatius he was a disappointment to those who had hitherto known him. His family was disappointed with him. It was noble, but now was not rich; it had lost its all because of its staunch support of the French claim against the Spanish for the lordship of Navarre; in the campaign which led up to the fall of Pampeluna, his own brothers had fought on the side of the French victors. Now, since the reverse, it had done what it could to give this youngest son a fresh start in life; since he could not serve under a Spanish conqueror, he should be offered a career of learning, a career in the Church. Yet here he was, at the mere instigation of an eccentric beggar-student, and a Spaniard besides, whose past was more than suspicious, sacrificing all his prospects, and starting on some wild-goose chase to convert the Holy Land! It must be confessed that many a more Christian family than even that of Xavier would have been justified in its disappointment on a less apparent ground than this.

Again, the University was disappointed with him. It had given him every advantage; it had appointed him to a professorship; it had marked him out for a career which needed only his own energy to lift him up to the highest rank of the new élite of Europe. Yet all the return he made was, in a moment of enthusiasm, to throw it all up at the suggestion of one who had already come to be looked on with reserve. Surely there was ground for the resentment of the authorities against the intrusion of Iñigo Loyola; and their judgment that Francis Xavier was, after all, fickle and lightheaded, a dreamer of dreams and unreliable, was not without a basis of good evidence.

Then to his companions, the first members of the Society of Jesus, his life seemed so arranged, his character so singular, as constantly to lead to disappointment. In the

enthusiasm of his conversion he wished to go to the Carthusians, and it needed all the influence of Ignatius to prevent him. On their first tramp to Rome, he had carried his penance to excess, which any man of judgment might easily have avoided, and only a miracle saved him from becoming a burthen to them all. Arrived in Italy, he was sent to Bologna. There he made his mark; he was a born preacher and apostle; evidently he was the man to reform that and other cities; and he was called away from the midst of it all to sit at a desk, seemingly useless and unknown as a mere private secretary. Nevertheless, here again he succeeded. His brethren saw the wisdom of having such a man at the elbow of their Father General. One so gifted, so far-seeing, so sympathetic, so devoted, would be of untold service in framing the new Constitutions and in directing the fast-growing Order; yet, on a sudden, they found that, at a single day's notice, he had gone away to Portugal, thence to be lost to civilization altogether.

In Portugal again he found his place. There he must wait for more than six months until the fleet for the Indies is equipped. The time is spent in the apostolate, the spirit of Bologna revives; prisoners in gaol are evangelized, especially the victims of the Inquisition, and even accompanied to the stake. But his chief labour was among the nobles, those whose lives and example accounted for so much that was evil, whose conversion would mean so much for the world they ruled. And with these he succeeded. Such a preacher had never been known at Court before; so great a reform had never before been brought about. It would be clearly a mistake that such a good work should be cut short; king, and people, and clergy clamoured that Xavier should be left in Portugal, and another should be sent to the Indies in his place. It was not for the first time that the report went round concerning him that here was a good man being utterly thrown away.

When he began his work in India disappointment and failure seemed to dog his steps from the first. Of the few companions he took out with him, not more than one seems to have persevered. The first and darling mission among the natives, where the faith found good soil, was all but swept off the face of the earth by an inroad of heathen invaders. His extraordinary powers as Papal Nuncio, and plenipotentiary

of the king of Portugal, were practically never used except against those who thwarted him. It was his failure in the king's dominions that drove him farther afield, to the extreme East, and thence to Japan. More than once he had to complain, so far as he dared to complain, of the poor material that was sent out to help him, poor alike in intellect and in spirit; and one finds him almost beside himself, as he cries out to the men of genius who were wasting their lives, so he calls it, winning themselves renown in the Universities of Europe. As the years wear on, and everything he does seems to fail, he declares his longing to leave the Indies alone, and to go to Abyssinia, to Arabia, to Madagascar, anywhere so that he may do some little good before he dies, for all he had so far done had apparently been brought to nothing. Exhausted in body and soul, he buries himself for weeks at a time in the garden of the College at Goa.

What was this College at Goa? Let us take its story as a key to the inner life of the Apostle of the Indies.

Of all the works Xavier set on foot none was more dear to him than the College of St. Paul. Since he could not hope to have from Europe missionaries of either the number or quality he needed, he determined to make missionaries of his own in India; and that these might be trained uncontaminated, as far as possible, by the life, heathen or Christian, around them, he would bring them up apart, under his own supervision. In other words, the College, which he took over and reconstructed as his own, was to be a nursing home for native priests and catechists, from whatever part of the East they might come. That these might grow up with a spirit of their own, independent of all European contact or subjection, none but pure Asiatics were to be accepted. That such an institution might prosper, it was obvious from the first that it would need a Rector on whom he could rely. In all his service Xavier had only two such men. One he had been compelled to send south to the Fishery Coast, to control the work he had there set on foot. The other was not a Portuguese; he came from the Netherlands and, knowing the Portuguese, Xavier on that account feared to appoint him.

Accordingly he had written to Europe, asking that a worthy Rector might be sent. Rodriguez, the Provincial, responded, and there arrived in Goa, while Xavier was away in the South, a young Jesuit father, Antonio Gomez, with



his letters of appointment as Rector in his pocket. He was duly installed, and at once, both in the College and in the city, things began to stir. Gomez was a devoted disciple of the University of Coimbra. He had made his name there, he knew no other; for him the University, with its life and methods, were the acme of perfection, on whose model all other colleges must be built. He was, besides, an excellent preacher, far more impressive, if one may judge from reports, than Xavier himself. His manners were beyond criticism; he was sought after by the élite of Goa, from the viceroy and bishop downwards, as a guest in their homes, as a confessor for the fastidious Goan ladies. He had, moreover, the confidence of his Provincial, Simon Rodriguez, in Europe; the decree for his appointment had been given him without any consultation of Xavier. He was a man of unbounded self-confidence and assurance; besides, having come out some six years later than Francis, he could claim both greater experience in the management of schools, and even a better knowledge of the spirit and working of the Society of Jesus itself.

When, then, he was installed as Rector of the College of St. Paul's, Antonio at once set about his reforms. He began with the brethren, his own religious Community. Regulations were drawn up and enforced, concerning eating and drinking, sleeping and recreation, spiritual duties and work, strictly according to the practice of Paris and Coimbra. The conditions of the East were ignored; that the spirit of the Society should be relaxed because of mere climate was unthinkable. He ruled with a rod of iron, as became his notion of a strong superior; should any subject prove recalcitrant, he announced that he had authority to send insubordinates to Portugal, if necessary in chains.

Next, he turned his attention to the students. These undisciplined and mixed young men, coming as they did from various parts of India and the further East, were ordered to conform to the ways and customs of Coimbra. The result was inevitable; in a very short time they began to climb over the college walls and run away. But this troubled the Rector very little. He had other and better designs in view. The College of St. Paul must be raised to the status of a University; only as such would it be worthy of the Society of Jesus. To this end it was essential that European students

should be admitted, the sons of the officials and magnates of Goa and of all the Portuguese dominions. Education was all important for such as these, and the labours of the Society would be most profitably spent on their training. Out of these, moreover, far more becoming vocations might be looked for; as for the candidates whom Father Francis had in mind, for them apostolic schools would suffice, scattered in various places, preferably away from the metropolis of Goa.

Francis on his return, saw what was being done; he remonstrated but to no purpose. Gomez had been sent to teach the Society in the East, Xavier himself included, the ways of the Society in Portugal, not to be taught the ways of a lax and undisciplined community. What was to be done? The crisis had come in the few months Francis had been in Goa between his return from the East Indies and his departure for Japan. All had been arranged for the voyage; if he lost this opportunity he might not find another for a year. To leave all authority in the hands of this man would be fatal; yet on his other expeditions he had always done this with the former Rector. He must give Gomez another appointment. He must send him out of Goa, to Ormuz, to Diu, to Bassein, to one of the Portuguese settlements where his learning and talents would have free scope, and where he would have less opportunity for mischief. In his stead he must run the risk of appointing the one trusty subject he had at hand, the Hollander, Father Gaspar Baertz.

So Francis determined, but circumstances were too much for him. Father Gaspar saw only too well the difficulties before him, and pleaded to be excused; a Dutch superior would be pleasing neither to the members of the Society nor to the Portuguese authorities. Father Antonio on the other hand was aggrieved; he questioned the right of Father Francis to override the decision of their common Provincial in Portugal. To strengthen his cause he called in the aid of his friends, the viceroy, the bishop, and others; these expressed surprise that so excellent a man, so exceptional a preacher, so great an influence for good should be removed from the city. In the end, much against his will, but left with little other choice, Xavier was compelled to yield. The Portuguese, Antonio, was allowed to stay, the Hollander, Gaspar, was sent to Ormuz. As a compromise, however,

the authority of Antonio was strictly confined to the College; the care of the missions and missionaries was confided to another.

Thus Xavier started on his voyage to Japan with a heavy heart, for he knew very well that he left behind him the seeds of serious trouble. Still he must go. This state of things was nothing new. Whatever he had undertaken had usually come to grief; his plans had been regularly brought to nought by just those from whom he had naturally a right to expect most assistance. In two months he reached Malacca; a month later he was on his way to Japan. But not without a last sad note which betrays the anxiety he carried with him. Before he left Malacca he wrote to the Provincial of Portugal:

"As you know well, the office of superior is very dangerous for one who is not perfect. I ask you therefore to send, as rector and superior of the brethren in India, one to whom this office will do no spiritual injury. Antonio Gomez does not possess the necessary qualifications."

It was long before his request was heeded. For two years and more Xavier was away in Japan; when he returned to Goa, Gomez was still at his post. In those two years he had done serious harm; and in the meantime, while Francis was wearing himself out exploring Japan, he was telling his own tale to superiors in Europe. But not without the knowledge of Francis; in spite of his preoccupations far away, he found time to write to Father Antonio, warning him, and begging him to do his simple duty. Thus we find him saying:

"I entreat you, for the love of our Lord, so to behave that all the members of the Society may love you. Write to me and tell me of your spiritual life. If you will do that, you will lift a great burthen from my heart."

It was all of no avail. Gomez received the letters of Francis, but chose to go his own way. He claimed to have better training than Francis; he knew better how the Indian mission should be worked. He had the ear of his Provincial in Portugal which Francis had not. He had the College under his complete control expressly by the Provincial's order; Francis had other things to do. Therefore it was only just that he should be given a free hand; he, and not Francis, had the right to lay down the policy of the mission. Scarcely had Francis sailed away from Goa than the native

students were dismissed in numbers; in their places were received Portuguese youths, many of whom could scarcely read or write. Of these many were hurried through to ordination; this was adduced as a proof of the wisdom and success of his policy, and Gomez then wished to close the College to native students altogether.

Such was the news which reached Francis after a year or more of his time in Japan. There was trouble everywhere among the brethren in India; unless he returned it would increase. He had no alternative but to return. In November, 1551, he set sail from Japan, and reached Malacca in forty days. Here he received an abiding consolation, humanly speaking the greatest he ever had during all his time in the East, and one that buoyed him up to face the still greater trouble to come. It was a letter from Ignatius, the first that had reached him for four years. Its contents had much between the lines, which even we may easily read. We know that during this time Ignatius had had no little trouble with Simon Rodriguez, the Provincial of Portugal, in fact with all the Portuguese Province altogether; it was to the Province of Portugal that his famous Letter on Obedience was written about this time. The trouble was not unlike that between Francis and Antonio; it was chiefly a question of jurisdiction and authority. Since Simon was what he was, and since the spirit of Coimbra was the spirit of Antonio, Ignatius saw the difficulties of his son Francis in the very complaints that were made against him. There was only one thing to do. He could not send him help, but he could set him free. With his usual vigour of action, once he had made up his mind, he constituted India and the East a Province of its own, independent of the Province of Portugal, and appointed Xavier its first Provincial. The letter which conveys this message concludes with words whose full meaning only Francis and Ignatius could have understood; but they are characteristic, both of the saint who wrote them, and of the saint to whom they were written.

"I shall never forget you.

Entirely your own,

Ignatius."

That sentence was enough. It told again of that "*interna charitatis et amoris lex*" which always ruled the heart of

Ignatius, and which he placed above all constitutions for the government of his Society. It made up for many disappointments. Before this Francis had asked for men of better calibre than those he had received, and had been told he could not have them. They were wanted elsewhere. He had described the fields he had explored, white for the harvest, and had appealed for men to whom he could trust them; he received a scanty handful and of these many he had to send home again, or to dismiss them from the Society altogether. And we are now, be it remembered, within a year of his death.

Francis sailed from Malacca to Cochin, and here further trouble awaited him. During all his time in India he seems to have had only two men on whom he could entirely rely, Antonio Criminale, an Italian from Parma, and Gaspar Baertz. Arrived at Cochin he was welcomed with the news that the former had perished, murdered by Mohammedan raiders; and with his death again had been undone much of Xavier's work on the Fishery Coast. Gaspar was away on the Arabian Coast. Meanwhile the news from Goa was heart-breaking. Antonio, the man who should have been his right hand, and in whom he had been compelled to place all his confidence, had gone from bad to worse. From being Rector of the College he had constituted himself Vice-Provincial. He had ignored and crushed the gentle Father Paul, whom Francis had appointed to control the Society in his absence, claiming that his credentials from Rodriguez superseded all restrictions from Xavier. In that capacity he had given trouble everywhere. All the native students had at last been dismissed from the College. Down along the Fishery Coast he had thrown everything into confusion. Customs which Francis had wisely conceded, Antonio had prohibited. What was not done in Portugal could never be allowed among Indian natives. In his scheme for extending colleges he had usurped the properties of others; churches assigned for the use of the Society he had claimed for his own. In Goa itself the Jesuit fathers were almost in open revolt. They no longer knew whom they were to obey.

To add to the confusion, just before the arrival of Francis in Goa, another father had come out from Portugal, sent as superior by Rodriguez, the Provincial. But when he presented his credentials, it was noticed that they did not bear

the signature of Ignatius; evidently Rodriguez had appointed him on his own authority alone. Moreover he was a new man, utterly unacquainted with the conditions in the East; and they had had bitter enough experience with Antonio not to risk another reformer from Portugal. He must await the arrival of Father Francis before he could be allowed to supersede even the dreaded existing superior.

Xavier arrived in Goa in February, 1552. He was there only two months before he set off again on his final voyage to China. But in those two months much had to be done. Now that he was Provincial with power to act independently, he could remove Father Antonio from office; at the same time, after his last experience he feared to repeat it with the new-comer from Portugal. In spite of many remonstrances Antonio was sent to Diu, far up the coast; Francis would listen to no entreaty, not even that of the Viceroy himself. Still he would not install in his place the newly appointed Father Melchior Nuñez. The story is that when they met, Father Francis asked him:

"What qualities do you possess to fit you to be a rector?"

Father Melchior replied: "Six years of theology and three of philosophy."

"Would that you had six years of experience," was Xavier's answer, and he sent him away to Bassein to gain it. In his stead, in spite of the reasons which before had made him hesitate, he appointed Father Gaspar. In his hands he left everything; secretly he added this, that in the next year, when the ship set sail for Portugal, Antonio was to be dismissed and sent home with it.

On Maundy Thursday of that same year Xavier set sail again, never to return. At first all seemed to go well. He was received with honour in Malacca, where he gave a friend, a certain Pereira, a letter, appointing him ambassador, to go along with him to the "King" of China. Then began more trouble. The Governor of Malacca refused to let Pereira go; he turned also on Francis, and many of his court followed suit. Francis sailed away with another wound in his heart, accompanied by two servants, the one Chinese, the other Indian. "Never in all my life have I endured persecution like this, not even from pagans or Mohammedans," was his summary of his last sojourn on Portuguese soil; and in a farewell letter to Father Gaspar he wrote:



"Master Gaspar, you cannot imagine how I have been persecuted here in Malacca."

But even that was not all. He left Malacca in July; in November he lay a dying man on the hill-side of Sancian. The ship that had brought him, had slipped away home without giving him a word of warning; there remained in the harbour a single Portuguese sloop, waiting for good weather. Xavier lay beneath a temporary shelter, open on every side, the cold north wind beating mercilessly upon him. His companions and nurses were his two boys, one a Chinese, the other an Indian; during all his illness not a single European from the vessel in the harbour went near him. So he died, deserted in death as for the most part he had been in life; within sight of a goal which again he was doomed not to reach, repeating again and again in mingled sadness and resignation: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." Meanwhile in Goa a letter from Ignatius was awaiting him, bidding him come home to Europe. No, St. Francis Xavier, the converter of three millions, was not wholly a success; had he been that he would have failed to resemble his Master, the Failure of Calvary. And in that very failure, more than in all his triumphs, is the real greatness of the saint to be found. For through it all he never once flinched or surrendered. He appealed to be brought home, but he did not linger for the recall. He appealed for better support, but he went on using what he had at his disposal. He saw in all his failures proof of his own incompetence; but he strove with might and main to give without reserve the little he had to give. Xavier was great, not so much because of what he did, as because of what he failed to do.

This, then, is the other side of the life of one of the most successful of the chosen servants of God. There is a greater greatness than the greatness of success; and that is the greatness of failure. For that is greatness of being, without the encouragement of doing; the greatness of sacrifice, while others less great may reap the fruits.

What became of his beloved College of St. Paul? A visitor to old Goa will find there a deserted town, with nothing standing but its churches. Palm trees grow in the market-place, where once the grim rites of the Inquisition were performed. If he asks where stood, and what is now left of the College of St. Paul, he will be told that the spot is out

of the way, and its ruins are not worth a visit. But if he insists, he will be taken a mile or so from the centre of the town towards the sea, along a road flanked by palms, and there he will find standing on his left a single wall, pierced by an arched doorway, and will almost wonder how it still stands, all alone and unsupported. It is the façade of the old church of the College; the rest of the foundations are hidden beneath a tangle of bush. If he goes a little farther, and climbs the wall that skirts the road, he will find himself in a similar waste of undergrowth. Let him work his way up through this, and he will discover still standing among the trees, the little chapel in the garden where Xavier used to hide for a month at a time from his labours, and, on the left, the well where he cooled his heart when it threatened to burst in an ecstasy of love.

The buildings of the College have gone, but the College itself still lives. Some years after the saint's death, the place where the College stood became hopelessly malarial, and students and staff had to leave it. They went inland, to a more open country; and now at Rachol, the great seminary of Goa preserves the tradition unbroken. It is not without significance that of all the works established by St. Francis Xavier, this, which was dearest to his heart, and cost him more than all the rest, is the only one that has survived. His spirit still broods over Southern India; there more than anywhere else may the Catholic faith be seen in all its vigour. Still even here it would be hard to say what single area bears certain proofs of his labour. Much has been entirely swept away, by persecution and invasion; what may have survived has been merged in the work of the missionaries who have come after. Only at Rachol the tree which he certainly planted, and watered with his heart's blood, still lives and bears the fruit for which he expressly planted it.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

## THE NEW SITUATION IN FRANCE

**T**O anyone who has watched at all closely the relations between Church and State in France during the past four or five years, the recent resignation of M. Poincaré, and the downfall of his Government of National Union, must raise doubts as to whether the truce over the religious question can be indefinitely maintained. The French Government had been deeply engaged in a deliberate revival of the pre-war attacks upon the Church when M. Herriot was suddenly brought down by the financial troubles of 1926. His immediate successors had no time to attend to any other question than the restoration of financial stability in the months that followed; and when M. Poincaré was at last called back to make a final attempt to restore national credit, when everyone else had failed, the situation had become so menacing that all controversial questions had to be shelved until the franc had been put on its feet.

But the Chamber which accepted M. Poincaré as its leader when the franc was plunging towards bankruptcy was still the same Chamber which had supported M. Herriot in his plans for expelling the religious communities and for breaking off diplomatic relations with the Holy See. And later, when the general elections were held this spring and M. Poincaré was returned to power again to finish his work of financial restoration, it was still the same combination of parties that backed him.

The question must sooner or later arise, whether the attack upon the Church which M. Herriot had undertaken with the support of the last Chamber is, or is not, to be renewed after the enforced suspension of activity that was necessitated by the financial difficulties which M. Poincaré has since solved. So long as M. Poincaré remained Prime Minister, it seemed fairly certain that the truce would be kept; not only because he wishes to leave well alone, but because his position of leadership depended upon a coalition including the important group of deputies who may be described as the Moderate Right. But all such combinations are naturally unstable, and it was almost impossible to conceive any common programme of internal politics upon which the Right and the Left could remain indefinitely in

agreement. The party traditions, and the temperamental tendencies, of the two main groups of parties in the Chamber are too different to permit of any permanent continuance of the temporary alliance. Sooner or later either the Right or the Left groups were certain to become restless and insist upon freedom to pursue their own special policies, which the other groups would never allow.

The marvel has indeed been that M. Poincaré has retained his leadership for so long after he had accomplished his main task of stabilizing the franc. He has far outlasted the average duration of a French Government, even though he has been holding office upon sufferance. In the sixty years or so of the Third Republic, Governments have very seldom lasted for more than twelve months, and the average duration of a Ministry is considerably less than a year. That fact alone creates an inevitable restlessness and desire for change in the Chamber. The political system is quite different to the familiar English method under which a Government remains in office, if it can, for the full term that Parliament may last, or immediately appeals to the country for a new mandate if it is beaten on an important division. In France on the other hand the elections take place automatically every four years, and in the interval there are usually three or four or more different Ministries in succession, which represent the temporary coalition of various groups. The general result is that leadership of the Chamber involves the manipulation of small parties more than anything else; and the outstanding figures like M. Poincaré and M. Briand have held office again and again, less because they have been identified with any one party than because they have great personal gifts of leadership combined with an uncanny dexterity in compromise and in playing off one party against another.

M. Poincaré's position in recent years has been unique. After the war, although he had held the much greater office of President of the Republic, he condescended to enter party politics again, and he became the leader of the Conservative Bloc National which swept the country in the wave of patriotic elation that followed the Armistice and the Treaty of Versailles. But the reaction against conservative governments visited France, like other countries, some years afterwards. The elections of 1924 drove the conservatives out of office and brought in a clear majority for the Left under M. Herriot, which was elected chiefly on the issue of getting M. Poincaré

out of control. In the last Chamber accordingly when it assembled M. Poincaré stood for the policies which had just been strongly repudiated by the country. And whoever else might succeed M. Herriot when the natural term of his government had come to an end, M. Poincaré was the last person who was likely to take charge again.

But events produced the most surprising results. M. Herriot fell because the financial situation was growing chaotic and because his internal policy had aroused fierce dissensions. Other leaders from the various parties on the Left were invoked in turn to see what they could do to straighten things out. But they all failed, and the franc continued to fall with alarming rapidity. Finally the country itself, which had rejected M. Poincaré ignominiously two years before, now clamoured to have him brought back to save the franc. It was the last solution that the Chamber would have wished. But there was no alternative. M. Poincaré showed himself to be an abler master of party tactics than any of the other party leaders; and, with bankruptcy staring the Chamber in the face, he succeeded in forming a government out of a group of politicians who had all been Prime Ministers at different times before.

But even his popular prestige at the time, and the success which has since crowned his efforts to save the franc, could not exempt M. Poincaré from having to give guarantees to the parties of the Left, that he was no conservative at heart but an impenitent "Man of the Left" who would protect the Republic from dictation either by the Church or by the soldiers of the old school, who had won back their ascendancy in the War Office during the war. M. Poincaré's past record was evidence that he was a strong "anti-clerical"; and when he had to assume the leadership of a Chamber which had been elected primarily to drive him from office, and which regarded him with profound distrust, he made it quite clear that his own sympathies were much more with the ideas of M. Herriot than with those of the Catholic Right.

On that clear understanding, the Chamber reluctantly accepted his leadership and gave him its full support in trying to save the franc from a *débâcle*. His firm measures and his courage had before long restored confidence throughout the country, and had even placated the vehement revulsion of feeling against all the professional politicians that swept France when the *Bloc des Gauches* had brought the country to

the verge of ruin. There was no alternative, when the elections fell due this spring, but to go to the country with him as their leader. Men of all sorts of views and of many different parties boldly stumped their constituencies as "Poincarists," and came back safely to the Chamber under the shelter of his prestige.

It was only when the Chamber met in May last that people began to see how little was meant by this recently-adopted label. M. Poincaré's followers had come back with a safe majority. He had thrown in his fortunes generally with the Moderate Left, and the Right had fared badly in consequence. But even when the Chamber met, no one knew how his miscellaneous following would sort itself out. The first announcement showed apparently that the Right had gained slightly in strength, since many of the so-called "Poincarists" had been elected largely by Catholic votes. But when the Chamber met there was a stampede towards the benches of the Left; and it was doubtful whether M. Marin, as the leader of the Union Republicaine Democratique, and consequently the principal spokesman of the Catholic parties, would have even 100 supporters—though the first figures had said that he would have 150, or about one-quarter of the Chamber. The truth is that there are so many small parties that their supporters fluctuate continually in their allegiance.

The main fact is that the Left and Left Centre control the majority of votes in the new Chamber. On the Extreme Left are the small groups of Communists and the much more important group of Socialists, who are balanced on the Right by the very small group of Royalists and the hundred or so Republican Democrats under M. Marin. Between them these four groups constitute nearly half the Chamber; the Socialists on the Extreme Left and M. Marin's Republican Democrats on the Right more or less cancelling each other out. It is the main groups in the centre who decide the complexion of the Chamber as a whole. Any talk of coalition must generally involve the alliance of this main group of half the Chamber either with the hundred or so Socialists on their Left or with the hundred or so Republican Democrats on their Right. M. Poincaré re-formed his Government, when the new Chamber met, by relying upon an alliance with M. Marin's hundred votes on the Right.

But the events of this month have now upset that equilibrium. M. Herriot and his friends, on the left of the main



centre combination, have received orders from their party that they must not continue under M. Poincaré's leadership; and their defection brings them considerably closer to the Socialists of the "Extreme Left." The problem for M. Poincaré (or whoever else takes charge during the life-time of the present Parliament) must be a decision between receiving the continued support of M. Herriot and his friends, who have the important Socialists' group next to them, or else preserving a moderate policy which will still command the support of M. Marin's hundred followers. Mathematically the former alternative promises much more prospect of obtaining a safe equilibrium. To preserve the good will of M. Marin and his Catholic party, on the other hand, may give him a narrow majority on most occasions but involves driving the Herriot group into closer relations with the Socialists.

In any case, M. Poincaré has already long outlasted the normal term of office of a Prime Minister of France; and the growing restlessness of those who aspire to office makes it increasingly difficult for him to retain his leadership. If and when he falls, it seems certain that the Left will have a greater influence on the formation of the next Government than it has had at any time since the last Chamber accepted his leadership, in deference to popular clamour for someone with a mind of his own who would save the franc.

In such circumstances, the Catholics cannot fail to become apprehensive again as to the possibility of a revival of M. Herriot's anti-clerical campaign of a few years ago. That campaign was only suspended in the last Parliament because the financial crisis excluded the possibility of continuing it. The new Chamber, in its general lines, virtually reproduces the composition of the last Chamber, and the parties of the Left undoubtedly dominate it still. If things had remained as they were, there is little doubt that a revival of the anti-clerical campaign would now be imminent.

But two main factors have altered the situation. In the first place, the Catholics have had time to perfect their defensive organization, and they have forged what may be a formidable weapon in the "National Catholic Federation" under General de Castelnau's leadership, with its three million members. Secondly, although the new Chamber is virtually the same in its party groupings, its personnel has greatly changed. Some two hundred members, or nearly one-third of the Chamber, are new to political life, and reflect the opinions of the

generation that has grown up since the war. They are no longer steeped in the anti-clerical associations of the older party leaders, like M. Caillaux or M. Herriot and the rabidly sectarian Ministers who helped him to organize his recent attack on the Church. Their point of view is much less aggressively anti-clerical, even though it is probably anti-clerical in the main. And still more important they have learned the lesson of M. Herriot's failure. They saw the fierce passions which were aroused by M. Herriot's attack on the religious communities, and they felt the intense revulsion of feeling in the country against the policy of the Cartel, when it sowed dissensions all over France within so few years after the war. Even as party politicians, they must feel that M. Herriot made a bad blunder in attacking the Church in the way he did, and they see the risks involved for any party that may attempt to revive that campaign.

But, apart from the attitude of these new members of the Chamber, there is the essential fact that the Catholics are now on the alert and ready to deal with any attack. For the first time they have become organized, but, until tested, how much their organization is worth is problematical. It may be that the enrolment of three million adult Catholics in the National Catholic Federation is very little more than a census of the active Catholics of France. The figure is impressive, but disappointing on analysis. Catholics of all shades of opinion are included in it, and it would probably be impossible to get them to unite on any purely political programme. All that they have in common is a determination to protect the rights of the Church and to safeguard the Catholic schools. And the fact that, on that vague basis, only three million French adults have been enrolled out of a total population of some 40 millions, reveals the fact that the Catholics are at best a powerful minority in the whole country.

Nevertheless, they have succeeded in arousing widespread sympathies for their claim to ordinary civic rights, by the great series of monster meetings that they have held in every town all over France. The meetings have been attended by enormous crowds and have shown how deeply the Catholics resented the plans which M. Herriot was proposing to put into execution. They have also given confidence to the relatively small Catholic bodies in those parts of France where the Church has lost its hold most. And above all, in the main Catholic districts—in Brittany and in the south-west, in Alsace

and in the north and north-east, they have revealed what formidable forces the Government would now encounter if it attempted to expel the religious communities.

The interval of M. Poincaré's regime has given ample time to prepare plans for dealing with any emergency; and the Catholic organizations which came into existence to oppose M. Herriot's campaign have produced leaders who have made national reputations. General de Castelnau has done his work magnificently at the close of a long and distinguished career. He is no political leader with a constructive programme like Albert de Mun or Montalembert, or the other great Catholic laymen who did so much to organize the Catholics as a definite force in the public life of France. But his energy and devotion and his prestige as one of the great soldiers of the war, have been of incalculable service. The most serious problem of the Catholics in France is still that they lack any one leader with a political genius and a personal inspiration. But all over the country local leaders have arisen who have found means of working in concert, through the Catholic Federation and the Leagues of ex-Soldier Priests, and the other militant associations which have united to defend Catholics against attack.

In the past few years also the air has been cleared to a great extent—though by no means without resulting troubles and difficulties—by the Papal condemnation of the *Action Française*. The condemnation has been accepted all over the country and the whole hierarchy have joined in enforcing it loyally, even though many of the bishops, and especially the archbishops, were very much in sympathy with the ideas that inspired the royalist movement. The main result, in a practical sense, has been formally to dissociate the Church in France from being identified with the policy of a royalist restoration, and particularly from the noisy and blatant politics of M. Maurras and his friends. Sympathy with the royalist movement, apart from the *Action Française* itself, is by no means dead. But the condemnation of the movement has had one wholly admirable result in banishing the ostentatious propaganda of the *Action Française* party from Catholic celebrations all over the country.

M. Maurras and his friends had shown an astonishing ingenuity and persistence in advertising their movement on every possible occasion. At the ordinary religious processions, or even in the churches in almost every part of France, it had become impossible to avoid being inundated with delegations from the *Action Française*, parading with

challenging banners or wearing party emblems. The practice of having its newspaper sold outside the church doors at Sunday Mass still further accentuated the fictitious appearance of close sympathy between the Church and the neo-royalists. Now that the newspaper has become bitterly hostile to the Vatican there is, of course, no question of its being read among real Catholics, even if there had been any doubt at first as to whether the commands of the Pope would be obeyed. In general, the movement can no longer find opportunities to connect itself with religious celebrations.

It was in the cities especially, where the priests were chiefly concerned with trying to establish Catholic centres among an urban population who had lost all habit of going to church, that this blatant parade of the extreme royalist propaganda did most to frustrate their efforts to regain the confidence of the working classes. It was impossible for the clergy to persuade people who had been brought up to regard the Church as being tied up with royalism, that the Catholics were loyal subjects of the Republic, when they were met with young royalist newspaper sellers shouting at the church doors on Sundays, and found the banners of the *Action Française* flaunted in every religious procession. It may well be that the bitter controversy which was caused by the condemnation will have had an excellent effect in emphasizing the fact that the Holy See is not committed to approval of the *Action Française*, and does not sympathize with its policies.

The political effects of the condemnation have in fact been so desirable in that respect that M. Maurras has had little difficulty in arguing that the condemnation was inspired by purely political motives. The facts were of course quite otherwise, as every student of the Pope's statements on the matter must know. But it is quite true that if the *Action Française* had not been banished from the churches before the last elections, the Catholics would have fared even worse than they did. As things are, it has been made clear that the Church is not committed to royalism, and is not engaged in secret plotting to overthrow the Republic; and the great body of indifferent people, who generally felt after the war that the Church had been unfairly treated, are much more disposed now to believe in the good intentions of the clergy than they were when M. Herriot was returned to power.

Within the last few weeks, however, the question has been raised again by the incidents concerning the erection of a statue to Emile Combes in his birth place at Pons. The Catholic bishops of the region, including Cardinal Andrieu—

who first launched the attack on the *Action Française*—had written indignant protests against the erection of any monument to a politician who had no claim to be remembered, apart from the fact that he embodied the spirit of bitter anti-clericalism, which confiscated Church property and banished the religious communities before the war. But Pons, having honoured Combes in his lifetime, might claim reasonably enough the right to erect a statue to him after his death, and two members of M. Poincaré's Government, including M. Herriot, came to the ceremony to deliver panegyrics on his career. The *Action Française* once more exploited its opportunity, by sending young men to make a violent demonstration, in which one demonstrator was unfortunately killed by the police. Once again it has succeeded in identifying itself with a protest which the bishops desired to make. And the result can only play into the hands of M. Herriot and his anti-clerical friends.

The incident was the more unfortunate because it occurred at the moment when the Radicals were about to hold their party congress and were calling upon their leaders to leave M. Poincaré's government. Not the least cause of their revolt against M. Poincaré was the fact that he and M. Briand had recently decided to allow the foreign missionaries to get back some of their confiscated property, and to re-open novitiates in France. The proposal was no evidence of love for the religious communities, but was a meagre recognition of their indispensable services to the influence of France abroad. But even so, it has contributed largely to the break up of M. Poincaré's Government of National Union. Once again the deep-seated cleavage of political parties on the religious question has been opened, and the agitation for the expulsion of the religious communities who came back to serve France in the trenches during the war is almost certain to be revived. But it will be revived in circumstances much less favourable to the anti-clericals than when M. Herriot was preparing to expel them three years ago. The Catholics have made good use of their opportunity to prepare their plans of resistance. And it is scarcely likely that any politician who may undertake to form a new coalition of the various parties in the present Chamber will find it possible in the next few years to resume a direct attack on the Church at the point where M. Herriot was obliged to leave it off. The return of M. Poincaré, as we write, to power is an indication that anti-clericalism has for the moment failed.

DENIS GWYNN.

## "ST. FRANCIS AND HIS CANTICLE"

THERE is, perhaps, no story which makes more melancholy reading than the long tale of man's estrangement from his God. From the first act of disobedience down to the criminal cesspool of the Roman Empire, the gloom is all but unmitigated; light, had, indeed, shone on the darkness, but the darkness had not comprehended it. So the senses continued their tyranny over reason, and creatures continued to receive the homage due to their Creator. Altogether, those things which should have shown forth the glory of the Maker served only to obscure it.

It is, therefore, with no small sense of relief that we read of Christianity, fresh, young, and unhesitating, crying out to that great nation of nations which was the Roman Empire: "I believe in One God," adding in the same breath, "Creator of Heaven and Earth."

We know how the people rallied to that trumpet-call, how with the lapse of centuries Europe, at least, accepted the main fact—God's supreme dominion, and how with this acceptance an immense train of other truths were also accepted.

Yet Christianity could not all at once enjoy its heritage to the full. Men knew how to approach their God, but it was still difficult to understand in a completely satisfactory manner what was to be used. The fact is, nature had worked such havoc by being worshipped, that for a long time it could not be admitted to even that respect which was due to it. It was as if a boy had been naughty so long, that even when his contrition had gained him forgiveness, the family as a whole felt that he could not at once be admitted to every room in the house, for fear of what he might smash. True, the man who considered nature evil and nature's beauty an infernal seduction was vigorously (and rightly) denounced as a heretic. Yet men who knew everything to be good which was God's handiwork were afraid to trust it completely. For one thing, they feared their own human weakness—from which point of view we also are not out of danger. But there was another reason: the earth and the sky had been defiled by the pagans, and it was not easy to take into clean brotherhood all at once those creatures which had been beslimed by Jupiter and Venus, and



all their lascivious crew. You will find a masterly exposition of this in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's book "St. Francis of Assisi." He insists that the first twelve centuries of Christianity were a period of purgation from the subtle relics of paganism. The times of Dominic and Francis "marked," he says, "the moment when a certain spiritual expiation had been finally worked, and certain spiritual diseases had been expelled from the system. They had been expelled by an era of asceticism, which was the only thing which could have expelled them."

The first Christians in Rome had, in truth, taken to the Catacombs to save their heads, but, I cannot help remarking (being for the moment under Mr. Chesterton's influence), they also took to underground passages because the sewers were out in the open. Nor did they willingly come out into the city life after the peace of Constantine: desert caves, hermitages, and anchorholds were the refuges of countless numbers who strove for personal sanctity. After this, since it became apparent that complete solitude had its own peculiar dangers, monasteries were founded—but always the contemplative ideal: prayer for the world to save it, but ever well out of it. What we now call "the mixed life" was simply unknown, and is to this day unknown among the Orthodox Greeks. Of course, there will always be a place for the enclosed orders: these are specialists, occupied, as Huysmans remarks, with the terrible and apparently thankless task of pouring tears and mortifications into the bottomless pit of the world's iniquity. But they are not, now, the sum-total of the Religious Orders.

With the passing of what has been called, at once justly and unjustly, the Dark Ages, the more expansive spirit came in, and Francis of Assisi was one of its prophets: destined not only to be in the world (if not of it), but also to restore creatures to their lost relationship of brotherhood with man.

Looking back on it all, we can see clearly that it was but one more instance of grace building upon nature. But since the prophetic spirit is rare, we need not be surprised if no one of Francis's contemporaries expected him to turn out as he did. We all know what manner of man he was: gay, impulsive, generous, full of the nobler natural ambitions, and withal possessed of a serious vein which had, perhaps, only been perceived by his mother. What a figure he might have cut in the world! That he should do so was his father's dearest wish. Nay, it was his own dream. But God had other plans

for him. He wished to bring men to a service which had in it less fear and more love. Therefore He chose one whose warm humanity should remind them of His Own Eternal Son, made flesh of the Virgin. He wished to remind them, moreover, of that lesson which Christ taught in His Transfiguration—that Eternal Beauty and Eternal Truth are one—therefore, He chose a man who should not only preach His message, but also sing it. Finally, since the lesser creation was destined, from henceforth, to help man upwards and not drag him down, the new apostle must needs have the soul of a poet "one who hears an invitation in the whisper of every breeze, who sees an appeal in the tinted chalice of every little flower."

Looking back, as I have said, from after the event, Francis seems to have been so gifted by nature for the task that grace should carry out, that one wonders what could have happened to him besides that which did actually take place. One thing is certain: if he had continued in his pursuit of externalities much longer, he would have paid the price. His pretty talent for innocent paganism would have misled him sooner or later, for paganism (no one will misunderstand my application of the term to Francis) is only tolerable when young and fresh; grown up it reveals itself in its true colours—a thing which is sordid and base.

Francis might, possibly, have become a secular priest, or a monk of the traditional type: perhaps the Bishop of Assisi expected it when Francis renounced his secular ambitions. But this idea strikes us oddly. In God's Providence, neither of these things happened: Francis was to start an entirely new order of things, and not only was he himself given a supernatural motive and end, but every gift he had was to be uplifted by the same consecration—poetry, song, love of nature, cheerfulness, leadership of men, human warmth—everything. But the start of this, as of every great achievement, was humility. Since he who would build high must sink his foundations deep, Francis must needs dig deeper than any, for his house was to tower to the sky. And you know how, when he accepted the Divine invitation to obey the Master rather than the servant, when the final crash left him with no father but God, he did, indeed, shed every particle of pride. He had enough inducement to do so, God knows, for he experienced humiliation enough to glut a score of men.

But in those terrible days when men cursed him and children mocked him, he evolved his great motto, "My God and

my All." He tested it and found it as gold fire-tried. Henceforth he seemed to be a living example of the Beatitudes in himself. Undoubtedly he had the Beatitude of the poor in spirit, and so might look forward with confidence to the kingdom of heaven. But his poverty was not a mere senseless self-amputation. It was the poverty of Christ. St. Jerome reminds us that leaving all things is something that "Crates the philosopher did, besides many others, but following Christ is the note of apostles and believers." In other words the poverty of Christ necessarily implies humility—and, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." Did anyone reap the reward of meekness so completely as Francis of Assisi? For he inherited not only the earth, but the sky also, and all that dwell in them both. Again, he obtained the reward of those who are clean of heart, for his sins had been few and his purification fierce as fire. He saw God clearly, and took in everything else in his line of vision. He beheld nothing but, as it were, in God—a glass which corrects every defect of human vision. Thus it was that he could gaze on creatures fearlessly, the old fear being cast out by charity. And since he who loses his life for Christ's sake finds it again, this man, who gave up all creatures in his aspiration "My God and my All," found them again as no one had found them since the regretted days of the Golden Age. By an opposite process, whatever creatures he met, he saw God in their perfections. In after years St. Thomas Aquinas would sum up the proofs for the existence of God, reasoning from the existence and perfections of creatures to Him who is Being, and Supreme Good, and Unfading Beauty. But already St. Francis knew these things perfectly, only he did not write a treatise on them: he sang of them—he lived them.

So when he had issued from his fiery purification, he saw with new eyes the old familiar sights: the blue vault of heaven, now like the fantastic ceiling of a nursery in which all creatures were brothers: the Sun, now homely and affectionate as it peeped, yellow-gold, through the interstices of some dark tree: the waters of lake and stream in every variety of moods—pettish, serene, hilarious—but now never lacking in a friendly greeting as they beheld him. And if he greeted them in return by the titles of "brother" or "sister," it was not from a soft sentimentality which is a characteristic produce of later times, but from the simple fact that the ever-present consciousness he had of God's Fatherhood kept him reminded

at every moment of the brotherhood of all things created. Nor was this attitude merely to be enjoyed intellectually, but to be lived enthusiastically. It became the very marrow of his soul. Thus it is easy to see that if the fellow creatures he met at every turn and corner reminded him ever of God, he must of necessity pass from fervour to fervour. Of equal necessity, too, for a man like our Saint, the imprisoned ardour must break out in song, like the spring from the bosom of a mountain.

I do not think that he, who had all his life scattered poetry and song with a royal carelessness, looked forward to a wondrous swan-song that should be at once the epitome and final cadence of his former songs; but there came a time when Sorrow, the parent of song from time immemorial, brought to light that radiant thing which is "The Canticle of the Sun."

It was very near the end indeed. You must call to mind a Francis who was weakened by ceaseless penance, a cripple with his Heaven-sent Stigmata, disappointed, maybe, with the result of his own Mission in the East, anxious for the future of his beloved Order, and, added to all this, a new trial—the fear of losing his sight completely. Imagine Francis, of all men, living on, and unable to see the earth and sky! And you must picture him in his pain, passing the night in a hut, built, by command of Sister Clare, in the garden of the convent at San Damiano, with Brothers Angelo, Ruffino, Leo and Masseo in attendance—but totally unable, alas, to lessen his suffering.

Then it was a little matter, by comparison, which brought the drama to its climax; the hut was over-run with mice—almost a touch of the ridiculous, when we have recently accompanied him to the Bethlehem of Greccio and the Calvary of Alvernia (or was it Tabor?). But his little brethren, the mice, jarred on him terribly. It was too much, and he became afraid lest his patience should fail.

Here I willingly quote the narrative of one who shall cover the inadequacy of my own words: "In his new need he turned to the Lord and besought Him to come to his aid. Hardly had he uttered the cry when to his spirit there came the responding question: 'Tell me, brother, if anyone should give thee in return for thy infirmities and sufferings a treasure so vast and precious that the whole earth by comparison would be as nothing to it, wouldst thou not greatly rejoice?' Francis answered musingly: 'Great indeed, O Lord, would be this

treasure and very precious and exceedingly wonderful and desirable.' The Voice replied, 'Then, brother, be glad and make merry in thy infirmities and sufferings, and for the rest, thou mayst be assured of My Kingdom, even as if thou wert already there.' " (Life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Father Cuthbert, p. 419.) This was the Voice, which nearly twelve hundred years before had said "Peace, be still"—and there was an exceeding great calm. But not only was Francis consoled, but his soul was filled with such great joy that he could barely wait for the night to pass before he called the brethren to share it with him in a new hymn "concerning those creatures of the Lord which minister to our daily need, and without which we could not live."

The moment had come, and he started singing, not in the tongue of the troubadours, though the romantic spirit might have prompted it, nor yet in the Latin of the Church, though the religious element might have suggested it, but in his own native Italian. The reason is not far to seek. For this Canticle, when in God's good time it should gladden the world, was to be the faithful expression of the singer's inmost soul, the summing up of his wonderful experiences—in short, Francis in song. And since he was to utter in a few moments what grace and his own good will had shaped for forty years, what God's Providence had been preparing for centuries, there was no thought for anything but the subject matter. The expression must look after itself. Or rather, the words must be entirely at the disposal of the idea as it hastened out to meet the listeners. Thus it was that Francis seized on those means which were nearest to hand: the Italian tongue, and the parallelism of that other Canticle (also born in a fiery furnace), that he had recited for years in the Divine Office: "*Benedicite, omnia opera Domini Domino: laudate et superexaltate eum in saecula.*"

So he sang of his spiritual life in order. First of God's Dominion, His claim to all praise and glory, and then, by comparison, man's utter insignificance.

Most High, Omnipotent, good Lord!  
Praise, glory and honour and blessing are Thine.  
To Thee, only Most High, our praises ascend,  
And man is not worthy to utter Thy Name.

This had he learnt at the beginning, and on this had he built.  
Then he praises God for all creatures:

Praise be to Thee, Lord, for Thy creatures all,  
And with them the chiefest, Sir Brother Sun.

Notice the title "Sir"—a touch of knightly courtesy to one who was pre-eminent in strength and beauty. Well does he praise that creature to whom the others owe so much :

Through him who's our day Thou givest us light.  
Beautiful he, of radiant great splendour:  
Of Thee, Most High Lord, he is a revealer.

Then he continues, piling up his effects :

Praise be to Thee, Lord, for the Stars and Sister Moon:  
In heaven hast Thou formed them, precious and bright.  
For Brother Wind, and for the air and clouds,  
For clear sky and all weathers—Praise be to Thee, Lord!  
Since by them Thou nourishest all things that grow.

Then a little passage, more delicate, I think, out of deference to the little sister whose praise he had sung once before, when he and Brother Masseo were eating their meal by the roadside. Evidently this little sister was a favourite of his, for you can see from her qualities—

Praise be to Thee, Lord, for Sister Water,  
She most useful is and humble, precious and pure.

—that Francis and she had virtues in common. Now he grows enthusiastic over Brother Fire :

We give Thee praise, Lord, for Brother Fire,  
By whom Thou lightest up the dark;  
So merry he and strong!

After all, had not Brother Fire helped the brethren to say their Night Office all these years? Was he not a merry guest at the mystic espousals of Sister Clare one memorable Palm Sunday? And then the earth, found worthy, like the sun, of an additional title :

Praise be to Thee, Lord, for our Mother, Sister Earth,  
The which sustains and keeps us:  
She brings forth fruits and flowers of many colours  
And the sweet grass.

Finally, he recapitulates his two first themes, the greatness of God, and the littleness of creatures in His Presence, but the expression of them is somewhat different now, for the intervening praises have tinted them with their rays :

Praise be to Thee, Lord!  
O all ye creatures, bless my Lord, and ever grateful be.  
O bless my Lord, and serve Him with deep humility.

Now, here was one of those moments when the most modest of men may admit he has accomplished something really great. It often happens. In recent times a little Carmelite nun was able to boast, on her very death-bed, that she was thoroughly humble—even as the Blessed Virgin proclaimed her own low-



liness. So Francis was aware of the splendour of his song : he ordered the brothers to learn it and sing it on their journeys. An obedience to this command, in fact, led to an addition. Singing the Canticle to the Bishop and the magistrates of Assisi, unhappily at enmity with each other, the brethren added a new stanza which Francis composed for the occasion :

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for those who pardon grant  
for love of Thee,  
And weakness bear and buffetings:  
Blessed are they who in peace abide,  
For by Thee, Most High, they shall be crowned.

A new theme, and one which served to bring out the final strains in greater relief. These final strains would seem themselves to be something new, yet in reality they are the summing up of all, an "enigma" theme which had been present throughout : The blessedness of possessing God fully, when we have learnt His beauty in some measure from those things which are seen with the bodily eyes. But this beautiful coda to a majestic movement is not appreciated all at once : the artistry is not of the obvious sort. Others might have dealt directly with the joys of Heaven. Francis preferred to suggest them, by thanking God for the death of the body. Moreover, here we have the one woe uttered throughout the whole piece :

Woe to them that die in mortal sin.

This passage is scored, if one may borrow the language of orchestration, for brass alone—a terrible colouring for chords already solemn. Yet the end is sheer triumph.

Blessed are they who shall find themselves in Thy Most Holy Will,  
To them the second death shall do no ill!

One could wish for some magic to carry us back through the centuries, that we might be present to greet that wonderful dawn, when the air was stirred by a song that seemed to hail from eternity ; when the faithful brethren gathered to hear the praises of nature, and found that the supernatural had gripped them. It is possible that there rang in their hearts an echo of the Apostolic words, " he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not ?" (1 John iv. 20). For as they listened, they were gazing into the glowing soul of one who loved God intensely because all creatures were included in the brotherhood that he loved.

FR. LEO, O.S.F.C.

## NANA : A SKETCH

THE Cheshire Cheese is one of the most sociable places in London. No matter if at times she is a trifle self-conscious. No matter that she is the haunt of that most harmless creature, the sightseer. No matter that she sets herself out most flagrantly to commercialize herself and her attractions. All this must be forgiven, and is easily forgiven by one who really knows the Cheshire Cheese intimately, not only when she puts on her society manner and becomes tiresome, but intimately, mind you ; when there is no showing off, but when all is easy-going and unpretentious. On a weekday night, for instance, when providentially the sightseer has been attracted by other sights, and only the ordinary habitués are gathered there, the Cheshire Cheese relaxes and becomes herself. The waiter no longer feels it incumbent to become a second Boswell, and the parrot no longer feels the strain of making a good impression.

On such an evening as this my wanderings begin. There is no better place from which to start an adventure. It doesn't matter whether the adventure is big or small, prolonged or short-lived, romantic or otherwise, the Cheshire Cheese is the mother of confidences. She has known more intrigue, heard more scandal and gone quietly on with her hospitable calling among more historical upheavals and political revolutions than could be recorded in a very large book. And she has known how to attune herself, too, to the ordinary personal incidents of life, having had many centuries of training. And so, to the whispered echoes of past centuries, and among the ghosts of ages gone by, where so much wisdom has been spoken, so many follies have been uttered, so many illusions cherished, it is not surprising that one feels more at ease in dreaming impossible dreams, as the pipe smoke curls up to the old ceiling and loses itself in the blackened beams. You need fear no longer, once within its friendly portals, to cherish all the illusions which have entered the mind of man.

And so you go on dreaming and listening to the philosophy of the past as the traffic of London rumbles by. How often have the hours slipped past thus before I returned to my rooms in the Inner Temple to continue my musings in another key ! For, go where you will in this part of London, whether you are in the streets or alleys or squares, whether you go into the churches, the houses or the inns, or wander along the banks of the Thames, you are never far distant from the

scene of some great historical incident, whilst the echo of the past is always in your ears.

It was from this part of London, so full of memories of my own, and so fascinating to me because of its own much longer memories, that I set out one day on my journey to a place only a few miles distant in point of space, but vastly removed from it in other ways. My dear old nurse was dying. I had been away from England over a year, and should have been absent longer, but I hastened my return that I might see her once more. A bus from Charing Cross goes down Fleet Street past St. Paul's, through the City, and then begins to wander through a pitiful area. More and more dismal does it become, more and more wolf-like are the faces which throng the bus every time it stops.

"Can you," said I to the conductor, "tell me where the Hackney Home for the Dying is?" "Mare Street?" queried the conductor, "Yes, I'll tell you where to get off." All eyes were turned upon me. I was carrying some flowers which I had bought at Charing Cross. The surroundings became more dismal. One could not have chosen a more fitting approach to death. "Here you are, sir," said the conductor, "'Ackney 'Ospice on yer right, be'ind the church." The bus drew up and I got out. Some way back from the main road was a *cul-de-sac*, flanked by a row of three or four rather poor-looking villas which must have been built about sixty years ago, when this part of London was further in the country. It was clear there was little money to keep them up, for they needed much repair, they were ill-built and had been covered with stucco once, which was now peeling off. It was one of those evenings in the early spring, when you feel on all sides the effort of nature to be gay and young, but at each attempt the inevitable forces surrounding her in such an environment as this made the whole scene sadder than a November day would have been. As I walked along the little driveway between the two rows of villas, which I knew to contain so much suffering, there seemed an irony in the buds of the May trees which announced the approach of summer, and the blossoms of the almond trees looked out of place in their sooty atmosphere. I walked up a flight of four or five rather worn stone steps, which led up to a front door on which an immaculately polished brass plate announced the words "St. Joseph's Hospice." I rang the bell and a lay-Sister opened the door. "Do you want to see one of the patients?" she asked. "Will you go to that door on the left?" I was about

to ring the bell of the door which the lay-Sister indicated, when it opened, and a man in a green baize apron—evidently a carpenter—came out. Again the same question, "You've come to see one of the patients?" and my assent. "A Sister will be here in a moment. Won't you go into that little room the other side of the passage?" I saw a Sister dispensing some medicine for two thin and ragged children who had just called for it. I told her I had come to see . . . . "Oh, Jane," she said. "You must be Mr. . . . Will you wait a moment? I'll just go and tell her you've come. She *will* be delighted to see you." I waited with that ghastly sense of anticipation which always precedes the unknown at such moments. I had seen enough to show me that I was confronted now with reality in all its terrors. I saw a man on crutches moving with difficulty across a room to my right. On the left I saw, through a half-open door, human forms lying in beds. A woman passed me in the passage, carried by the carpenter and his assistant, in an invalid chair. All around me there was a sickening mixture of smells of anæsthetics and disinfectants. I felt a new sense of guilt that these people, ill and near death, should not be as well housed as I who was in good health.

A sound of singing from another part of the house reached my ears. Benediction was just over, and a door at the other side of the little garden soon opened. I shall never forget the sight; twelve or fifteen people of all ages began to emerge. All were obviously near to death, yet all seemed marvellously cheerful. Each assisted the other in the way he was best able.

Whilst I was watching this strange procession, the Sister came downstairs again. "We are quite ready if you will come upstairs. Jane's much brighter to-day than she has been for some time. But she can't live very long," she added in a whisper, as we made our way up the staircase. Fresh signs of suffering met me as I glanced through the open doors of two rooms we passed by. They were filled with beds, but only one or two of them were occupied. Those who were there then were too ill to get up during the day. The empty beds would soon be occupied by the figures whom I had just seen coming out of the chapel. I followed the Sister into the last room, and behind a screen I saw my old nurse lying in a corner of the ward next to the window. She tried to lift herself as I came near, but her head sank back on the pillow. "She's very weak," whispered the Sister, "and you'll have to talk rather loud, as she's become very deaf." "Nana," said I, bending down and giving her a kiss. "My dear," she said, "how nice it is to see you." But I should not have

heard this if I hadn't been very close. It was spoken as though each word was forced out with difficulty. She kept both her hands tightly clasping mine in a way that was much more eloquent than any words could have been. "I've brought you these flowers," said I. It seemed a stupid remark, but I was at a loss for anything to say. "Oh, how good of you. They're beauties," and my hand was squeezed again expressively.

I suddenly had a picture of a very different Nana years ago, dressed in a great white apron, walking in the garden in the country and admiring the flowers. "Narcissi and primroses," said the nun, "I'll put them in a vase on the table near Jane's bed." She left us alone, and I was again at a loss for words. I seemed to be separated by a deep ravine from someone clinging to the verge of a precipice, whose grasp I knew must soon weaken. I came to the conclusion that the past, and the distant past, was the only subject which I could mention. The futility and ephemeral character of the present never seemed so apparent. There is, however, a sadness about the past which seemed to harmonize with the majesty of death. I hazarded the remark, "Do you remember the old times, Nana?" "I can't forget them," came the strained, gasping answer from the bed. "And the evenings you used to read to us, and the wonderful birthday cakes, with icing on them, which you used to make?" "Yes, my dear, I remember them well. What a long time ago they seem." There was a long pause as I looked out of the window. The London night was closing in. The sounds of London, blended together, made a curious human harmony. In the distance I could hear a barrel organ. The sound of a train, even further away, and the metallic click-clicking of a shunting engine. Cries from children playing in the nearby streets. These, and many other notes, formed a familiar music. The nun returned with the flowers in two vases, and Nana admired them again. The evening closed in. Once more I was in the bus returning West, but with what a picture in my mind!

A month passed. I went to the Continent. Impressions of French scenery and Swiss mountains succeeded each other, but still that room, that faded figure on the bed, those sounds, those memories, all that made up that visit, remained uppermost in my mind.

On my return to England I shall find, in the little Franciscan cemetery of . . . a grave with a simple inscription, asking those who read to pray for the soul of Jane . . . who died . . .

R.W.

## EAST ANGLIAN NOTES

**F**EW old towns reveal the struggle between their Christian past and the ravages of industrial barbarism more clearly than Ipswich. Within living memory she was still the quiet provincial capital of a great agricultural county, full of old-world timbered houses and crowned with the tall towers of flint-built churches. The latter still stand, though encroached upon and dwarfed by various works that cloud the once-clear atmosphere, while just below the wharves the Deben widens out into a beautiful tidal stream, upon whose banks Friston Tower, dear to all who love Francis Thompson, forms a noted landmark.

Of the old houses few and yearly fewer remain, while new streets of contractors' brickwork invade the country far and wide; but those few are enough to suggest our loss, especially a magnificent mansion in Northgate Street. The Old Bell Inn has also some very striking wooden figure-carving and gable fringes.

On high ground overlooking the river stands the church of St. Mary Stoke, of which only the tower, with its late post-perpendicular belfry, has escaped the vandal restorers, and upon the door of which I found a strangely inapposite text: "Do thou, being converted, strengthen thy brethren." Not far away, in College Street, is the frayed age-darkened brick archway which is all that remains of Wolsey's projected college in this his natal town, a fine piece of perpendicular Gothic, with the Royal arms severely scraped and two empty niches. The fall of Wolsey has been a favoured theme of moralists, Blessed Edmund Campion, Shakespeare, and Dr. Johnson among others. A less gifted East Anglian has put on record a quaint illustration of "the bubble reputation." The Quaker poet of Woodbridge, Bernard Barton, tells us:

Many years ago I wrote some verses for a Child's Annual, to accompany a print of Doddridge's mother teaching him Bible History from the Dutch tiles round their fireplace. I had clean forgotten both the print and my verses; but some one has sent me a child's penny cotton handkerchief, on which I find a transcript of that identical print, and four of my stanzas printed under it. This handkerchief celebrity tickles me somewhat. Talk



of fame! Is not this fame which comes home, not only to "Men's business and bosoms," but to children's noses, into the bargain! Tom Churchyard calls it an indignity, an insult, looks scornful at it; . . . All this arises from his not knowing the complicated nature and texture of all worldly fame.<sup>1</sup>

Both Wolsey and his biographer, the loyally Catholic George Cavendish, belonged to Suffolk. Speaking of the Cardinal's father, Robert Wolsey, Father Taunton writes: "from a petition to Henry VIII. in 1515, the family appears to have been then living at Sternfield by Farnham,<sup>2</sup> not far from the scanty ruins of the Benedictine Priory, Snape, founded as a cell to Colchester by William Martel in 1155<sup>3</sup> upon one of the loveliest reaches of the river Alde. That Wolsey was a true "Papist," although he had sometimes (like many another medieval or Renaissance prelate), used insolent and menacing words to the Holy See, we have the acknowledgment of Dr. John James Raven, historian of Suffolk, whose name deserves to be linked with his fellow Anglican, Dr. Augustus Jessopp, the Protestant biographer of the Venerable Henry Walpole, for fearless honesty and devotion to truth: a contrast, both of them, in their works, to the shirkings of plain facts and clear issues which characterize the special pleadings of the "continuity" school. "Wolsey," writes Dr. Raven, "with all his faults, was faithful to learning and to the Papacy . . . the most noted, if not the greatest, of the sons of Suffolk."<sup>4</sup> Thomas Cavendish, the father of Wolsey's biographer, married the heiress of John Smith, of Padbrook Hall, in Suffolk. His more famous son, George, married a niece of Blessed Thomas More, and after 1530, retired to Glemsford in the same county, dying about the year 1562.

Wolsey's gateway, opposite a fine timbered house, touches, fitly enough, the graveyard corner of the parish church of St. Peter, among the finest in all Suffolk, for Wolsey's fall was prelude to Henry's abandonment of the faith and of his allegiance to the Prince of the Apostles. The tower is indeed a thing of strength and "true old nobleness," not unlike that

<sup>1</sup> Rev. G. Crabbe, Nov. 1, 1845, "Poems and Letters," 1853, p. 91.

<sup>2</sup> C. L. Taunton, "Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer," 1902, p. 10.

<sup>3</sup> I follow Mr. H. R. B. Tweed, "Footprints of the Saints in Suffolk. ii," in the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, Jan. 1913, whose very interesting essay gives further historical details. Dr. Raven seems to have made a slip in that he gives the date as 1099. Lovers of East Anglia would rejoice to see Mr. Tweed's valuable and well-illustrated articles collected in book form.

<sup>4</sup> "History of Suffolk," ed. 1907, xii. 150-1.

of Woodbridge. Boldly upstanding, a fortress of faith, perfect in proportion, crowned with battlements, and ringed with those banded patterns of cutwork flint that mark East Anglia, it far surpasses in majesty its neighbour, St. Mary le Tower, and is worthy of its dedication. The style is late Decorated and Perpendicular. The nave pillars would seem to be the oldest work remaining, their faint water-hollows looking back towards the Early English period. Very noteworthy too is the dark marble font. "In the twelfth century," wrote the late Dr. Charles Cox, "the blue and black marbles of Belgium began to reach our shores to serve for memorial slabs, and more especially for expensive and attractive fonts. Seven of this beautiful series of fonts survive, namely in the cathedral churches of Winchester and Lincoln, and in the parish churches of East Meon; St. Michael's, Southampton; St. Mary Bourne; St. Peter's, Ipswich; and Thornton Curtis, all places easily accessible by water."

In the north aisle, carved angels with shields form the corbels of the open timber roof. The west window, besides fragments of old "grisaille," has four bits of old green glass in its upper lights. The ablution-drains or piscinas, remind us that this was once a Catholic church. The Gothic revival, by the way, was not in those days without its difficulties for "Anglo-Catholics." In Newman's "Loss and Gain" (1848) Sheffield says: "I fall in with this Bateman, and he talks to me of roodlofts without roods, and piscinae without water, and niches without images, and candlesticks without lights, and Masses without Popery, till I feel, with Shakespeare, that 'all the world's a stage'" (i. iv., ed. 7, p. 23).

Since those days, many further steps have indeed been taken by the descendants of the Tractarians. New images have been set up, as at ritualistic anti-Catholic Ufford, as though the Real Absence, so deliberately brought about by the Church of England's founders, could be thus cheaply atoned for. And, worse still, the tremendous Sacrifice, for the obliteration of which that church was founded by ribald apostates, is being simulated by those who have no priesthood and yet presume in their blindness, here and elsewhere, to keep others away from the one ark of salvation. Such are the painful and prevalent facts. "Anglo-Catholicism" keeps many out of the Church, by presenting them with a colourable imitation of Catholicism—the glory of the name without the cross of its obedience.

<sup>1</sup> "The English Parish Church," p. 221.

To Suffolk also belongs Stephen Gardiner, who played a very important part in his troubled century and yet, strangely enough, had to wait until 1926 for his life to be adequately written—and not then by a fellow-countryman, but by an American Protestant, J. A. Muller, Professor of Church History in the Episcopal Theological College at Cambridge, Massachusetts, who makes clear the sincerity of the bishop's return, however tardy, to papal obedience. Courtier he had been, albeit less servile than most, and a very Erastian in Henry's days, but never one who desired changes, and Edward's government had proved his metal. "Yet there was no doubt of one thing, which indeed was fully testified by Bishop Thirlby, even in bearing witness to his obedience. Gardiner personally disliked the religious changes that had taken place, not only in the present but during the last reign. He had always disliked innovations, and had been 'earnest against alterations, as well concerning the Bishop of Rome as other orders in religion' (Foxe, vi. 190)."<sup>1</sup>

There is considerable likeness between the careers and characters of Gardiner and Wolsey. The latter was undoubtedly by far the greater man, indeed a genius, but the former's abilities were rated very high by those who had known most of Wolsey, especially by Henry himself, while the new men who ruled and robbed England in the name of Edward VI. spared no pains to pervert him to their "Gospel," recognizing the rock in their path. Both rose to the chancellorship, and among the most fascinating might-have-beens of history would be the survival of Gardiner until, say, 1560. The hands of Cardinal Pole would surely have been strengthened; Cecil and Bacon would have had a stormy passage if they ever attained to power, and assuredly Elizabeth could not possibly have ignored him. It is tempting to "let sweet fancy roam," so far as to imagine Gardiner during Edward's reign and at Elizabeth's accession, in the place of Archbishop Heath, to whom a convert descendant of the mighty Burghley has paid a fine tribute in "A Dreamer in Christendom and other Essays."<sup>2</sup> The archbishop knew indeed how to suffer with dignity and courage, but he cannot be deemed a fighting leader, such as might not improbably have thwarted the con-

<sup>1</sup> Gairdner, "Lollardy and the Reformation," III. vi. i. 237. During the Ratisbon incident Gardiner had exchanged letters with the Pope, when "but for Gardiner's astuteness Henry's throne at that time might really have been a little insecure" (p. 238).

<sup>2</sup> By Algernon Cecil, p. 192.

spiracy to overthrow the Faith. However, all Catholics will agree that both Wolsey and Gardiner were greater in their penitent dying than in their days of splendid doing.

It is sad to have to record that "most of the martyrs under Mary came from the eastern counties."<sup>1</sup> This, however, would appear to include Essex, where the "Reformation" made headway "under alien influences" (*ibid.*). Kett's rebellion, too, in marked distinction from the Rising in the West, was agrarian and economic, but not, apparently, Catholic. In her admirable study of "The Western Rebellion of 1549," Miss Rose-Troup has shown that this divergence was noted by the supporters of the government. On the other hand it was East Anglian loyalty that turned the scale at the beginning of Mary's reign against Northumberland, Cranmer and the rest.

When the "bright occidental star" had risen over a land made desolate, the Jerninghams, Bedingfelds, Rookwoods, Pastons, and other hereditary Catholics, together with fervent converts like the brilliant George Gilbert (who died, a Jesuit lay-brother at Rome), kept the Faith alive. "In 1561, the parishes of the county of Norfolk (Articles, Brit. Mus., 5155. aa. 8) were searched for 'books of devotion and service forbidden by law,' and the names of those who possessed them were demanded for further dealings."<sup>2</sup> "Throughout the parishes of Norfolk 'the just taking away of the Pope's usurped power' was prescribed in 1561 as the sole subject for a quarterly discourse."<sup>3</sup> It is consoling to learn that in Norwich, "Catholic customs commonly survived, images still stood undemolished, and unlicensed schoolmasters taught in 1569."<sup>4</sup> Again in 1588 "in Norwich in the same year Mass was celebrated in the city and some of the Bishop's household were present."<sup>5</sup> Asserters of "Continuity" may be surprised to hear that "in 1569, ringing on All Saints' Evening and on All Souls' Day was prohibited in Norfolk as a superstitious ceremony used to the maintenance of popery or praying for the dead."<sup>6</sup> There were religious disturbances in Suffolk in July, 1569, and again in 1570 (in Norfolk also). In August, 1578, Elizabeth visited

<sup>1</sup> C. H. Smyth, "Cranmer and the Protestant Reformation," p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> W. P. M. Kennedy, "Parish Life under Queen Elizabeth," 1914, iv. 50.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* v. 70, citing the same document.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* vii. 108, citing *Second Ritual Report*, App. E., p. 404.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* vii., 113, citing *Lansdowne MSS.*, xl. 14.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* viii. 117, citing *Ritual Report*, App. E., p. 405.

Euston, the home of the newly-wedded Edward Rookwood, fared well at his expense, and showed her characteristic gratitude by having him insulted by the Lord Chamberlain, arrested in his own house, and as Dr. Raven indignantly recounts, "fined a large sum, ruined in estate, and imprisoned in Bury Gaol, where he died." Elizabeth's parting pleasantry is best told in the original words and spelling of Richard Topcliffe, the Queen's Head Gaoler :

A peyce of plaite being missed in the Coorte, and serched for in his hay house, in the hay rycke suche an immaydye of our Lady was ther fownd, as for greatnes, for gayness, and for woorkemanshipp, I did ever see a matche; and after a sort of cuntree daunces ended, in her Maty's sighte, the idoll was sette behinde the people, who then avoyded : She rather seemed a beast raysed upon a sudden from hell by conjewringe, than the picture for whome it had bene so often and longe abused. Her Maty. comanded it to the fyer, wch in her sight by the cuntrye folks was quickly done to her content, and unspekable joy of everyone but some one or two who had sucked of the idall's poysoned mylke.<sup>1</sup>

It is plain from this that Elizabeth, now nearly 20 years on the throne, had wholly abandoned Catholicity, yet a recent Anglican historian can write as if her "Establishment" was the same as the old Church. "Officially the old Catholic vestments were to be used at Mass. Although the new order in religious matters seemed in externals still to favour the Protestants, it none the less retained just those points which Protestants resented, as implying the retention of those doctrines which they particularly disliked."<sup>2</sup> Doubtless, the writer persuaded himself that this really happened, but a talent for self-delusion does not justify the taking upon oneself the part of historian. In August, 1570, "one of Cecil's spies reported to him concerning Norfolk, Suffolk, and that part of England generally, showing that Catholics were there on the increase and active. In Essex Catholics were just as bold; meeting by twenties and thirties at a time for Mass. Near Colchester 'there hath been Mass said commonly; it is like to be so again.' Justices of the Peace 'lean over-much to them' — the

<sup>1</sup> "History of Suffolk" (ed. 1607), xiv. 183-4.

<sup>2</sup> *Apud* Jessopp, "One Generation of a Norfolk House" (ed. 2, 1879), pp. 79-80.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. W. L. Knox "History of the Catholic Movement in the Church of England," p. 189.

Papists; are Papists themselves and have not taken the oath; this, too, in 1577."<sup>1</sup>

Later in this ghastly reign, infamous in its heroes but glorious in its victims, Norfolk gave two Jesuit martyrs to the Faith whom even Protestants have felt impelled to honour, the Venerable Robert Southwell and the Venerable Henry Walpole. Another Norfolk-born victim of the reign, who had probably the misfortune to be brought up in heresy, was the hapless Amy Robsart, whose story will never cease to touch our hearts, whose panegyric was pronounced at Oxford by the youthful Campion, a woman whose gentle, bashful portrait bears no suggestion of ambition or perversity. It is strange, surely, that her ruffianly impious husband should have deceived so good a judge of men as Blessed Edmund Campion. It often struck me as a parable of Anglican "comprehensiveness" when I saw in Cumnor Church, within a few feet of each other, a portrait and framed letter of the poor lady, so shy and childlike of mien, and a pompous statue of "Gloriana," squat and ugly, found broken and put together again in mid nineteenth century. I remember a fervent convert in 1909 writing an ironical inscription, with the vestry ink, in honour of "Saint Elizabeth of Tyburn," and placing it in her ample ruff! Again, it is surely a striking symbol of England's "Reformation" that the name of Walpole connotes for the vast majority only a cynical statesman and his elegant aesthete of a son, while they are utterly ignorant of the Venerable Henry Walpole, although an Anglican clergyman has written an excellent and valuable life of him! May we live to see a reversal of judgment and valuation, when England shall at length rediscover her true past, and seek with contrite tears her Father's house.

H. E. G. ROPE.

<sup>1</sup> Birt, "Elizabethan Religious Settlement," 1907, pp. 535-6.



## THE DEEP FORD

"PLEASE to step this way, sir." It was Jennings, the hall-porter with the appearance of a lawyer's clerk, who showed Mr. Chisholm into a study, whose walls were lined with sombre books packed into shelves which reached from floor to ceiling. There was a fire burning rather reluctantly in a small old-fashioned hearth, beneath a deeply carved oak mantel-shelf.

The porter crossed the room and attempted to produce something more cheerful and warming on this foggy day. He knelt on the hearthrug and plied the poker with long white hands which looked as if they were more adapted for the folding of documents and neatly ordered files than for any domestic labours.

Mr. Chisholm gazed down at him and wondered at the thatch that shot out at right angles over his forehead and made a stiff fringe round his ears. Was it a wig, or could he possibly persuade his barber to cultivate a legal coiffeur? There was something unnatural and arbitrary that must have a deep hidden intention.

"It's a queer thing, sir," said the man, puffing his cheeks into a primitive bellows, then desisting as a flickering flame responded to his effort.

"It's a queer thing, this Chaplain's room fire never will burn. It's not as though there could be much soot up the chimney, for the room is only used once a year, you might say, sir, when one of you reverend gentlemen sits here before the Sessions opens."

"How is that then? There are plenty of books here, they must belong to somebody?"

"No sir, not what you may call anyone in particular. Why, if all the young gentlemen as 'as put books in these shelves were to come and claim them, you would find the room that full of folk there would be no holding them. Why, sir," said the porter, waxing quite eloquent as his imagination led him on, "there might be High Court Judges and Lord Chief Justices, and Lord knows how many solicitors, barristers, and attorneys!"

Mr. Chisholm smiled and nodded. "I see, the shelves con-

tain a sort of residuum, the cast-off wrappings of their forensic studies."

"Exactly, sir," said the man, delighted, "You might be in the Law yourself, sir—you put it with such acumen. Now, sir, I'll leave you. If there is anything else I can do for you, sir, if you'll kindly ring if you want anything, and I'll bring your lunch at one o'clock, sir."

When the porter had closed the door behind him, Mr. Chisholm hung up his heavy overcoat and black-and-white scarf on a peg, and taking his newspaper and novel sat down in an arm-chair by the fire. He was pleased to have obtained the appointment of Chaplain of the Law-Courts, but rather bored at the prospect of a long day alone in this dreary-looking Chamber. It was of course a mere form, handed down from mediæval times that obliged the Chaplain to sit in the room from ten till five on the day before the beginning of term, and though Chisholm rather grudged the waste of time, he was too glad to add to an exiguous stipend, at the price of so little trouble, to complain seriously.

Outside was a heavy yellow fog; in this Dickens atmosphere he thought of it as a "London-particular" and the only thing to do was to read and smoke, and sleep if need be.

The Chaplain unfolded *The Times*, and set to work like an arduous student to read it more thoroughly than he had ever done before. The news cannot have been of an exciting nature or the atmosphere outside had something to do with it, for the reverend gentleman fell into a profound slumber from which he was only started by the fall of a coal in the grate. He roused himself, poked the fire, and put on more coal, and then he opened his detective novel. But he had read too many of them, or perhaps thrillers had no more power to thrill, for he presently threw it down with an exclamation of disgust and roamed round the room, studying the titles of these "candle-ends and cheese-parings" left behind in the achievement of legal education.

It was not an inviting array—Jurisprudence—Equity—Statute Law—"Blackstone on Coke," "MacGillivray on Copyright," "Stubbs on Roman Law"—thick volumes bound mostly in mottled black gone dingy green, jostled and pushed one against another. They were so closely packed that an adventurous student could only have recovered some ancient text-book by bringing down such an avalanche that his head would rejoice in being guarded by a wig. "Perhaps,"

dreamily thought Mr. Chisholm, "they are waiting till they have wigs, and that is why there are so many books."

Just as he was imagining a throng of newly bewigged and silk-gowned jurists pressing in eagerly to fetch back the legal instruction to which they owed their present success, there was a knock at the door. Jennings came in with a bill of fare, from which Mr. Chisholm made choice of a very hearty and sufficient lunch, to be backed up by a sound brand of claret, which Jennings assured him he could heartily recommend, being the same as Sir Charles Scrivener and Mr. Patrick Scrope drank themselves. "I can see, sir," said he admiringly, "that you know what's what in the food line, and what a good thing it is that we don't live in those ancient mediæval times when these chaplains were first instituted."

"Why not?" said Mr. Chisholm, rather amused at such culinary fervour.

"Why, seeing this is a Friday and they were Catholic Priests, there'd have been nothing but salt fish, sir. Not a very sustaining diet, if they had many interviews, don't you think, sir?"

"But why should they have many interviews? I haven't had one."

"Ah! But they were here to hear Confessions if any of the legal gentlemen wished to be shriven at the beginning of Term, and I daresay a good many did need it, especially after long Vacation," said Jennings, as if he had a deep knowledge of the depths to which legal profligacy could descend in its days of relaxation. "But of course we have got rid of such foolishness long since, and a Church of England clergyman like yourself, sir, has only to sit here as a matter of form."

Mr. Chisholm smiled. "Well, I don't think there are more than three people who know I am here to-day, so I'm not likely to be asked to hear any Confessions, and though of course the Prayer-Book permits such a thing in grave necessity or at the hour of death, personally I have always discouraged any course which may intrude some human agent between the creature and the Creator."

"Exactly, sir. I myself have never wished to tell my little items to any man, Priest or Parson," said Jennings, "and if you will ring, sir, when you wish me to remove the tray, I'll come at once, sir."

Mr. Chisholm obeyed this request, and at about two o'clock lunch had been cleared away, and he was sitting alone with his

pipe, feeling that three hours was a long time to get through in solitude. He knew he *might* spend the time profitably in preparing his sermon for next Sunday, but somehow the atmosphere was wrong, and, though he got out a notebook and pen he did not begin to write. Instead, he collected the scattered sheets of *The Times* and put it in order, as if he were expecting an angry fellow clubman to say "Kindly let me have that paper, sir, when you have *quite* finished with it."

His eye fell on an advertisement of business property at Deptford, and he let his thoughts wander to that old South-East London Borough, once so busy with ships and sea-faring men in the "spacious days of Queen Elizabeth." Deptford, or "deep-ford"—he remembered reading that Pilgrims were shaven there ere they passed the dark waters. "Old Thames doubtless was beautiful then, but they had no bridges." Well, we have plenty of bridges now, and no need to shrove the thousands who cross them. How simply men believed what was told them in those dark days!

He glanced up over the mantelshelf: from the only wall not covered with books, a dusty portrait gazed down at him, like a severe judge addressing a prisoner at the conclusion of his trial. Mr. Chisholm wondered why he felt like a criminal at the bar, and what he had been tried for. The face that looked down was not unkindly, rather it had a humorous look as though the judge knew the evidence was all against the defendant, but he really sympathized with him for having got himself into such a difficult position. "Make all judges and officers of the law so to administer justice as those who must themselves stand before Thine awful judgment seat; may we find mercy then with Thee righteous judge and patient."

Yes, this judge administered justice as one who constantly found himself in the Tribunal—a self-accused criminal. Mr. Chisholm got up to look more nearly at the engraving and then recognized it as the famous Holbein portrait of England's greatest Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. Had *he* ever wished to be shaven at the beginning of Term? It was quite probable; perhaps he had knelt in this very room. Curiously enough, there was a prayer of this devout lawyer's in a collection called "Great Men at Prayer," which the Chaplain often used. He fished in his pocket . . . yes . . . "Take from me, O my God, all vain-glorious thoughts, all appetite of my own praise, all envy, covetousness, gluttony, sloth, luxury, all for-

ward affection, all appetite of revenge, all desire of other's harm."

It had struck him that the prayer was made by a very humble-minded person. It *would* be humbling to kneel down before another man and accuse oneself in so many words of what Jennings had called one's "little items," but what a joy to be free—loosed from those entangling sins that so sap one's courage and dim one's vision. "Holy things to holy people"—that was part of the Greek Rite at the Eucharist. Mr. Chisholm felt a wave of dissatisfaction at his own pastoral ministry, so respectable though not conspicuously "holy." He almost smiled back at those twinkling eyes, which seemed to be gazing right into his soul, and breathed: "If my ministry has been a sham one, as your Lordship seems to suggest, will you help me to put things right?" It is wonderful how quickly the Blessed English Martyrs answer our prayers; they seem to delight in heavenly conjuring tricks.

The clergyman sat gazing at the fire in a sort of brown study when there was a knock at the door. At his "Come in," to his great surprise a fair young man entered, carrying a tall hat and dressed in immaculate city clothes. For a moment his visitor seemed to him a complete stranger.

"I'm Hugh Barrett," smiled the intruder by way of introduction, "I met you in your nephew's rooms, sir, the other day." He had a charming smile and was a most attractive youth. Mr. Chisholm remembered his niece, Diana's comment, after their visitor had departed, "He is rather a sweet person, isn't he?"

After apologies and fears that he was interrupting, young Barrett sank down into the big easy chair at the other side of the fire. The Chaplain glanced at his visitor as he lit a cigarette from the case he had offered. Yes, he was a taking sort of boy. From his crisp curly hair with whose embryo marcel-wave he was evidently constantly at war, down to his shining patent leather shoes, he was turned out to perfection, but it was in his air and carriage that the attraction lay. "A very gentil parfit Knyghte"—that was Mr. Chisholm's first impression, and yet, looking again there was some flaw; those deep brown eyes that met his were *almost* like a child's, but there was an expression in them that contradicted his general bearing.

"You'll wonder why I've blown in on you like this," said

the young man, "when I hardly know you. But I heard you say you'd be alone here to-day, sir—and the fact is—well, you're a Padre, you know, and I must tell someone, and no one else would be safe."

"Any friend of Frank's would be always welcome," said Mr. Chisholm, "and if you have anything you would like to consult me about, of course I shall respect your confidence."

Both men gazed at one another through a barrage of smoke, and then looked away with the usual English shyness and fear of "scenes."

Mr. Chisholm felt sympathetic but embarrassed, something told him this was more than a story of mere pecuniary difficulty, or even an entanglement with a tobacconist's assistant. There was a pause for some moments, then, in a strained half-strangled utterance, the young man poured out a spate of words, broken only by strange intervals of silence as he paused in the agony of delivering his soul.

It was a most tragic tale of double life. On the one side the upright, sport-loving, clean English Public-School man, on the other the worst combination of night-club, gambling hell, and opium den. It was a Jekyll-and-Hyde case at a psychological moment, for the higher nature was facing his abominable comrade with loathing, and making a despairing and frenzied effort for freedom. The summing-up was, could Mr. Chisholm, as a clergyman, do anything for him?

Hugh acknowledged that religion had not meant much to him, but now he was stretching out like a drowning man for any plank of salvation.

"On the physical side I find means to express myself to satiety; on the spiritual a shifting quicksand of texts and prohibitions."

There was a long pause as Hugh uttered these last words, and the unhappy man looked up despairingly, for he saw by the Chaplain's expression that, with all his sympathy and desire to help, he had not the power.

Mr. Chisholm rose and paced the room several times without answering. He looked out of the window at the foggy, darkening street, he saw the streams of pedestrians hurrying along, and thought of the pilgrims journeying to the stream, the deep-ford that had no bridge. Here behind him was another pilgrim who had come to the brink of so deep a ford and whom no merely human agency could help. But a vivid



conviction flashed upon him and he turned round like a man who has made a sudden resolution.

"My dear sir, with all the good will in the world, I cannot help you, but any Catholic Priest can. What you need is the Sacrament of Penance and the Grace of Absolution. Therein the physical side is met and spiritualized, not by negative prohibitions but by positive supernatural help. We have both come to a moment of crisis, and through God's mercy your story has made me understand the reality of the power possessed by the Catholic Priests, who before the Reformation, sat in this very room, rightly holding the office in which I have supplanted them. I have said you needed Absolution; but to an equal degree, so do I. Shall we seek God's mercy together?"

The young man gazed at the Chaplain, half relieved, half frightened.

"What do you mean, sir; what can we do?"

Mr. Chisholm smiled encouragingly.

"I haven't made myself very clear so I don't wonder you feel a bit puzzled. As you have been good enough to confide in me, may I give you a little of my own autobiography? I have been a clergyman of the Church of England for 12 years. At first I ministered with great confidence not to say self-assurance to the different congregations under my care, but for some time I have had doubts about the soundness of my position. You see I was ordained to administer the Word and Sacraments, but as an Evangelical I didn't believe in Sacraments. My position was that one went straight to Christ without any intermediary. So why be a minister at all? On the other hand, both in the New Testament and the History of the Church, I found clear proofs that Christianity had always recognized and used Sacramental rites. But I was also forced to the conclusion that the only Body of Christians which had been consistently true to these primitive practices was the Catholic Church."

He paused and glanced up at the Blessed Martyr, who seemed to be peering down benignly through the foggy atmosphere.

"Well, it was just before you came in that I was thinking of the Old Religion and how men like Sir Thomas More there died rather than deny the Papal Supremacy, which of course upheld, and was the sole upholder of, these Sacramental Principles I have been speaking of."

As he paused again, Hugh spoke. He was still puzzled but the Chaplain's meaning was becoming clearer.

"You mean you are thinking of becoming a Catholic?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Chisholm, "I feel in fact it is the only honest thing to do, not only for me but for you."

"But confess my sins to a Priest!" Hugh shook his head despairingly.

"But my dear boy, you have confessed them to a mere man already! The difficulty is that we can neither of us begin with confession we must be Catholics first, and we must start by getting instruction. Are you willing to come with me and learn more about it?"

The young man looked up; hope was dawning in his face.

Mr. Chisholm glanced at his wrist watch.

"Why, it's half-past five—my time is up."

He rose as he spoke and took down his coat and hat.

"Don't you think," he said persuasively, "we might summon up our courage, and see what the Church will do for us if we speak to a Catholic Priest?"

It was of course not on that day nor for many days after, that Mr. Chisholm and Hugh Barrett had the joy of being shriven. In fact, though the parish priest at Deptford who instructed them, was willing to receive them before Christmas, they agreed with his approval to wait till the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury—another Thomas who died for the Church, and Patron of the Diocese of Southwark.

C. CHADWICK.

## WHEN BAPTISM WAS DELAYED.

### A SIDELIGHT ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF CONFESSION.

THERE is probably no scholar at the present day who would defend the historical accuracy of the legend of the baptism of Constantine by Pope St. Silvester. The gruesome story of the Emperor's leprosy, which was to be healed by a bath of babies' blood, no longer figures, as it once did, in the lessons of the Roman Breviary, but the statement that he was baptized by St. Silvester still remains, while the disease of which he was cured is now presented as "the leprosy of unbelief." Nevertheless though the Roman Martyrology speaks to the like effect, there can be no shadow of doubt that the pontiff mentioned had nothing to do with the matter. Only in the spring of A.D. 337, after St. Silvester was dead, did the Emperor receive the sacrament of Christian initiation. It was a typical case of what was then called "clinical baptism." In spite of the sympathy he had shown for the Church ever since the victory over Maxentius in 312, Constantine had always postponed the hour of his own reception, and it was not until he found himself on his death-bed that he took this final step.<sup>1</sup> Eusebius,—not the Church historian, but the time-serving Bishop of Nicomedia,—administered the Sacrament in the presence of some fellow bishops, probably all, like himself, more or less tainted with Arian sympathies. It is hardly to be wondered at that after this conspicuous example, other prominent men, immersed in secular affairs, showed themselves equally disposed to procrastinate. The Emperor Theodosius I., though his conviction of the truth of Christianity seems to have been much more genuine than that of Constantine, was only induced to receive baptism in A.D. 380 under stress of a dangerous illness, he being then about 45 years old. Valentinian II., a much younger man, was cut off before he was able to obtain baptism at all, though he had summoned St. Ambrose to him from Milan for that purpose. Earlier than this, Valentinian I. and Valens, brothers and co-emperors, seem in their middle age to have been terrified into baptism by a fever which they had both contracted in A.D. 364 and which at one time threatened to end fatally.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Hefele-Leclercq, "Conciles," Vol. I., pp. 678 seq. and notes.

<sup>2</sup> This is the plausible conjecture of Otto Seeck, "Geschichte des Untergangs der antiken Welt." Vol. V., p. 457.

One does not perhaps expect to find any marked keenness about the affair of salvation among the great ones of this world, but the matter is different when we turn to those whose after-life showed them to have been men of strong religious instincts and possessed of exceptional strength of character. No case could be more striking than that of St. Augustine. It is true that his father, during the boy's childhood, was not a Christian, but his mother Monica was not only a Christian but a saint.<sup>1</sup> Moreover Augustine in a well-known passage in the "Confessions" seems distinctly to imply that though his instruction as a catechumen had begun almost in infancy, and though, when on one occasion he seemed to lie at death's door baptism was on the point of being administered, still on his recovery St. Monica herself was responsible for its indefinite postponement.

Gladly would I know, O my God, [he writes] why my baptism was then deferred. Was the rein laid loose upon my neck for my own good? or was it not laid loose? If not, how is it that we so constantly hear people say, "Let him do what he likes; he is not yet baptized." Yet where the body's health is concerned, we do not say, "Let him be wounded again; he is not yet healed." Far better if I had been quickly healed, if both I and my parents had taken heed that the health of my soul should be restored and safe in the keeping of Thee, its Giver. Yes, far better. But my mother already foresaw the billows of temptation that were to break over me as soon as my boyhood was past. And so she preferred to risk on them the clay of which I was to be shaped, rather than the Image of God itself.<sup>2</sup>

When Augustine at the age of 33 was eventually baptized at Milan by St. Ambrose, he did not receive the sacrament alone. Alypius, his friend and contemporary, after similar procrastination, had come to the same decision, and there was also Augustine's son, Adeodatus, a lad already in his teens. Moreover we hear of another dear friend—his name is not given—who had been baptized a short time previously when suffering from a mortal illness and unconscious. He recovered sufficiently to manifest an entire change of heart but died a few days afterwards.<sup>3</sup> One can hardly fail to get

<sup>1</sup> The conversion of St. Augustine is discussed in much detail by Gaston Boissier,

"*La Fin du Paganisme*," Vol. I., pp. 343-379.

<sup>2</sup> "Confessions of St. Augustine," I., 11, Dr. Bigg's translation, p. 49.

<sup>3</sup> "Confessions," Bk. iv. ch. 4.

the impression that the postponement of baptism was a common thing, at least in the educated class to which St. Augustine belonged. His own reference to the popular saying, "Let him do what he likes; he is not yet baptized," seems to show that it was a recognized principle with many that a young man would do well to sow his wild oats before incurring the obligations of a Christian life.

Be this as it may, the case of Augustine's own chosen guide, St. Ambrose, is hardly less surprising if judged by the standards which now prevail. This great doctor of the Church belonged to a consular family which had embraced the Christian faith. Born about A.D. 333, he was hardly less distinguished forty years later for his ability and administrative success than for his high moral character. On the death, in 374, of Auxentius, a bishop of Arian sympathies, the important see of Milan fell vacant. After violent contentions between the Arians and the orthodox believers, Ambrose, the civil administrator, was chosen to succeed to the episcopal office. But edifying as his conduct had always been he was still only a catechumen. In the course of a few days he received the sacrament of baptism, and his consecration as a bishop followed almost immediately.<sup>1</sup> Neither was this a solitary example. Seven years later a certain Nectarius was appointed Patriarch of Constantinople through the influence of the Emperor Theodosius. Though an elderly man, he was still unbaptized, but the first Council of Constantinople ratified the choice and Nectarius ruled the see most successfully for sixteen years.<sup>2</sup>

St. Augustine came from north-west Africa. St. Ambrose spent his early years at Treves. Nectarius was a native of Tarsus in Cilicia. St. Jerome, who next calls for mention, was born about A.D. 342 at Strido, a town on the borders of Italy and Dalmatia. His parents, it seems, were both Catholics, but he followed what we might call a university career at Rome and it was only after the conclusion of his philosophical studies, when he certainly had passed his twenty-first year, that he received Christian baptism.<sup>3</sup> Of his erstwhile friend, and later adversary, Rufinus, much the same may be said. Born of Christian parents about 345 in the neighbourhood of Aquileja, Rufinus also made his studies in

<sup>1</sup> Bardenhewer, "Geschichte der altkirchlichen Literatur," Vol. III., pp. 498 seq.

<sup>2</sup> "Dict. of Christian Biog.," Vol. IV., p. 11.

<sup>3</sup> See Leclercq in "Dictionnaire d'Archéologie," Vol. VII. (1926), cc. 2237-2240.

Rome, but he must have been nearly 26 before he was baptized in his native place by Bishop Chromatius.<sup>1</sup> Even St. John Chrysostom, fervent as he was from his earliest years, and entirely devoted to his pious mother, the widowed Anthusa, followed a similar course. He was twenty-five years old and had completed his course of instruction under the famous rhetorician Libanius, a pagan, when he at last received the sacrament of Christian initiation from the bishop of his native city, Antioch. "It was," says Bardenhewer, "the custom of that day to postpone baptism to a riper age."<sup>2</sup> Of many of the eminent ecclesiastics belonging to the fourth century after Christ, no record is preserved which throws light upon their private life before they became famous. But in the few cases where biographical details are available we nearly always find that youth was well over before they asserted their claim to be laved in the healing waters which cleansed them from original and actual sin. Moreover this abuse of procrastination seems to have extended to every part of the Roman Empire. St. Paulinus of Nola belonged to one of the most opulent and distinguished families of Burdigala (Bordeaux) in Gaul. We know that his parents became Christians—if they had not been born such—but he himself, though married to the devout Spanish lady Therasia, did not receive baptism until about the year 390 when he was 37. Moreover a brother of his who must have been near his own age, was baptized at the same time. Most remarkable of all perhaps is the information we possess concerning the family of St. Gregory Nazianzen, who were Cappadocians, belonging to the eastern extremity of the civilized world. Not only Gregory himself, but his mother Nonna, his brother Cæsarius and his sister Gorgonia have *elogia* assigned to them on separate days in the Roman Martyrology. The father, also named Gregory, became Bishop of Nazianzum and seems to have been already a priest in 329 at the time of his elder son's birth. Nevertheless our St. Gregory, the future "Theologus," received an education which differed little, if at all, from that of his pagan contemporaries. He studied at Cæsarea, Alexandria and Athens, and he must have been quite thirty years of age by the time he returned to Nazianzum and there at last offered himself for baptism. The delay is the more remarkable in this case because of an incident which

<sup>1</sup> Bardenhewer, "Geschichte der altkirchlichen Literatur," Vol. III., p. 549.

<sup>2</sup> Bardenhewer, *Ibid.*, p. 323.



happened when he was in his eighteenth year and on his way to Athens. The ship in which he was sailing nearly foundered in a storm. He remembered that he had never been baptized and vowed, if he were spared, to dedicate his life to God. As he tells us himself in one of his poems,

" But while we all were fearing sudden death,  
Mine was a worse, because a secret fear.  
The cleansing waters ne'er had passed on me,  
That rout our foe and make us one with God.  
This was my lamentation, this my dread;  
For this I stretched my hands and cried to Him

To Thee I live, if I escape the waves  
And gain baptismal dews; and Thou wilt lose  
A faithful servant if Thou cast me off."<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless more than ten years passed before the intention here insinuated was carried into effect.

Not less remarkable was the history of the brother and sister. They were both younger than Gregory, but probably there was no very marked difference of age between them all. Cæsarius was successful in a worldly sense as a physician, philosopher and public functionary. He is said to have stoutly defended the cause of orthodoxy in a discussion with the Emperor Julian. But while acting as Catholic champion, and finding favour at the Imperial court, he, though a saint and the son of a bishop, was still a catechumen and consequently debarred from ever approaching the sacred mysteries. In the year 368, however, when he must have been nearer 40 than 30, Nicæa, close to which he resided, was almost destroyed by an earthquake. Cæsarius escaped but was greatly alarmed. Acting on his brother's advice, he determined to retire from the world and then at long last received baptism, though he died a few months afterwards. These facts are certain and there is no reason to doubt that he led a virtuous and celibate life, but it seems an anomaly that encomiums should be lavished upon this highly intelligent man who by his own delays cut himself off from the reception of the sacraments for all but a few months of his life. Nevertheless each year on February 25th we read in the Roman

<sup>1</sup> Greg. Naz., "De Vita sua," Carmina, Bk. II., n. xi., ll. 162-199. I have borrowed this very free translation from the "Select Library of Nicene Fathers," Vol. VII. St. Gregory refers to this storm at sea more than once in his verses.

Martyrology: "At Nazianzum in Cappadocia (the heavenly birthday) of St. Cæsarius who was the son of the Blessed Nonna and the brother of Blessed Gregory the Theologian and of Blessed Gorgonia. Of him also the same Gregory bears witness that he beheld him among the ranks of the Blessed."<sup>1</sup> Saint Gorgonia again, though unquestionably devout and frequenting the churches, postponed the reception of baptism until the very end of her life, but she also is commemorated by a notice in the Roman Martyrology on the ninth day of December.

It seems useless to prolong this catalogue, but several names might be added, such as that of St. Basil who was certainly 26 when he was baptized, or of Sextus Anicius Probus, the friend of St. Ambrose, who was baptized at the age of 60 just before his death. With regard to many prominent figures of the same epoch, no information, as already stated, seems to be available. We know nothing about the date of the baptism of the poet Prudentius, or of Sulpicius Severus, or of Marcellus of Ancyra, or of Serapion of Thmuis and many more. On the other hand there are very few cases at this period in which we have definite record of the sacrament having been conferred at an early age. No question of principle was involved. St. Cyprian, Origen and others had spoken quite clearly more than a century earlier vindicating the lawfulness of administering baptism in infancy. But arguing only from the facts already cited, it seems to me that we cannot escape the inference that the vast majority of parents who were Christians in fact or in sympathy, did not present their children at the font except in cases of dangerous illness. Probably Seeck goes too far when he says that in the fourth century "the laity for the most part only sought baptism when death seemed close at hand,"<sup>2</sup> but there is beyond question a great deal of evidence which points to the conclusion that the number of the actually baptized formed at this period but a small proportion of those who were reputed Christians and who had renounced paganism in its broader features.

For let us consider the situation for a moment in the light of our knowledge of human nature. If in such households as those in which Augustine, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Jerome,

<sup>1</sup> The facts are practically all derived from St. Gregory's sermon preached in memory of his brother.

<sup>2</sup> Otto Seeck, "*Geschichte des Untergangs der antiken Welt*," Vol. V., p. 242.

Gregory, Paulinus and Basil were brought up it was thought right that the children should grow to manhood and complete their education without any pressure being put upon them to receive baptism, is it probable that a stricter view of a parent's duties would be taken by those who were not so very earnest in their practice of Christianity? No doubt these great men were sooner or later touched by grace, and some amongst them had maintained a high standard of moral conduct amid all the temptations to which they were exposed. But how easy it would be for youths who had not the same strength of character and who dreaded the restraints which a conscientious practice of Christianity would entail, to grow thoroughly accustomed to their anomalous position. Is the young man or woman of 25 likely, without some very strong compelling motive, to break away from the life of freedom which has become a second nature? Will there not always be a temptation to defer for another year or two the effort which a stricter standard of conduct must inevitably demand, while the very conviction that baptism in the end washed away all guilt, would form a kind of justification on prudential grounds for indefinite postponement. No loss of consideration or of social status seems to have been involved by the fact that a man did not participate in the sacred mysteries. Though Nectarius occupied a position of dignity in Constantinople at the time he was appointed bishop, it seems not to have been known that he had never been baptized, and no slur seems to have attached to St. Ambrose because at the age of 40 he was in a similar position. Some, I doubt not, knowing their own weakness, conscientiously shrank from the responsibilities imposed by Christian initiation, just as candidates for the priesthood will nowadays occasionally take fright at the last moment and ask for further delay. Even the Lutheran theologian Harnack has written:

Although the principle was maintained that baptism was indispensable to salvation, still people dreaded more the unworthy reception of it than the risk of ultimately failing to receive it. In the fourth century it was still very common to postpone it, in order not to use this sovran remedy (*Generalmittel*) till the hour of death. Baptism was accordingly regarded by many *in praxi* not as initiation into the Christian state but as the completion of it. . . . Still the great Church Fathers of the fourth

century defended the practice of infant baptism, which had the support of tradition, and this was established in the fifth century as the general usage.<sup>1</sup>

What, in any case, is certain is that the very men who in their own youth had postponed the final acceptance of the yoke of Christ until adolescence seemed to be slipping away from them, thundered against this laxity when as bishops they became responsible teachers in their Master's name. It is impossible not to draw the conclusion that the abuse of procrastination was a very general and crying one. No preacher treated the subject more vehemently or more exhaustively than St. Gregory Nazianzen himself. He sets out at length and refutes in detail every one of the pretexts which were put forward for delay. He reminds his hearers of the danger of missing baptism altogether by sudden death and points out how much more meritorious and consoling it is to receive it voluntarily in the time of health and strength, than under stress of necessity on a sick-bed, "when the tongue falters and can hardly utter the words of holy initiation; and the washing is more like the washing of a corpse than religious baptism." He urges that it is a device of the devil to persuade men to give him the present time and God what is left, to consecrate to him the flower of our age and to God the dregs, and he dwells upon the many hazards we are subject to—"the chances of war, an earthquake, the sea, a wild beast, a disease, a crumb of bread, a surfeit, a precipice, a horse, a dose of medicine, a tyrant, etc." So again he enlarges upon the pretext most commonly advanced for delay.

"I am afraid I shall not keep the grace of baptism unstained, and so I will not take my cleansing yet, as having none to take afterwards" . . . O crafty imposture [he replies] the prompting of the spirit of evil. He is in truth darkness, but he counterfeits light. When he does not prevail by open war, he lays his snares. When he cannot bring thee to despise baptism, he would cheat thee of it by overmuch caution.

He urges mothers to have their children baptized in infancy, but he clearly takes it for granted that many of his adult hearers have not yet sought to receive the sacrament themselves. "Art thou a youth," he says, "fight against pleasures and passions with this added strength; enlist thy-

<sup>1</sup> A. Harnack: "Dogmengeschichte" (Eng. Trans.), Vol. IV., p. 264.

self in God's army . . . . Art thou old, let thy grey hairs hasten thee; invigorate thine old age with baptism." More especially does he rebuke those who plead:

Where is the advantage of taking baptism so soon, and thereby cutting oneself off from all worldly pleasures and delights; whereas one may enjoy these pleasures in the mean while and then be baptized at last? For they that went the earliest to labour in the vineyard sped no better than those who came the latest.

[He answers]: You have saved me a great deal of trouble by advancing this plea, for you have at last with much ado discovered the very secret of this delay . . . . But do not let this passage of scripture prove a stumbling block to your ignorance. For first, this is not meant of baptism, but of those who come, some sooner, some later, to believe and enter the vineyard of the Church; for everyone must labour from that day and hour at which he attains to the knowledge of the Truth.

Finally he replies:

But then, you say, is not God merciful, and since He knows our thoughts and searches out our desires, will He not take the desire of Baptism instead of Baptism? You are speaking in riddles if what you mean is that because of God's mercy, the unilluminated is illuminated in His sight, and that he is within the kingdom of heaven who merely desires to attain to it, but refrains from doing that which pertains to His kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

It is impossible, I venture to say, for anyone to read this sermon without realizing that St. Gregory was here arguing against an abuse which was widespread, and that he was saying things which had a practical application for a large proportion of his hearers. What is more we find all the other great teachers of the fourth century harping upon the same string.

Baptism is good at all times [says St. Basil]. Art thou a young man; safeguard thy youth by the bridle of baptism. Has thy prime passed by; do not be deprived of thy viaticum; do not lose thy safe-conduct; do not think of the eleventh hour as of the first. . . . Do you

<sup>1</sup> All this is taken from St. Gregory's 40th Sermon "De Baptismo" (Migne, P.G., Vol. XXXVI. cc. 376 seq. The "illuminated" man was a phrase technically used of the baptized man. The terms ἀφώτιστος and πεφωτισμένος are here contrasted.

demur and loiter and put it off? Though you have been from childhood catechized in the word, are you not still an outsider to the truth? You have been always learning, but you have not yet come to the knowledge of it. A dabbler all your life long, a mere onlooker till you are old, when will you be made a Christian? Last year you were for staying till this year, and now you have a mind to delay till next. Take heed that by promising yourself a longer life you do not miss your hope altogether.<sup>1</sup>

It would be easy to quote many exhortations of this period embodying the same urgent advice.<sup>2</sup> Let it suffice to recall a single extract from the Clementine "Recognitions"—

Therefore make haste. Betake yourselves to these waters for they alone can quench the violence of the future fire and he who delays to approach to them, it is evident that the idol of unbelief remains in him and by it he is prevented from hastening to the saving font.<sup>3</sup>

Despite these and many similar appeals made by his contemporaries, St. Augustine seems to have convinced himself that a large proportion of outwardly professing Christians were still unbaptized. In one of his sermons we have an account of a panic occurring in Constantinople under Arcadius in consequence of what seemed the threatened destruction of that Eastern capital. After giving a description of the fiery cloud which hung over the city and of the terror of the populace, St. Augustine goes on—

The people took refuge in the churches. They were all too small to contain the multitudes which thronged there. Everyone was clamouring to obtain baptism from the first neighbour who would confer it. Not only in church, but in every private house, in the streets and in the squares, men were demanding the sacrament that brings salvation.<sup>4</sup>

This account may be somewhat rhetorical, but it seems to accord with a great deal which we learn from other sources. Dom Henri Leclercq, for instance, is of opinion that the number of "clinici" (those who wished to postpone baptism

<sup>1</sup> St. Basil "De Baptismo," Migne, P.G., Vol. XXXI., c. 424 seq.

<sup>2</sup> St. Gregory of Nyssa has a whole sermon (Migne, P.G., Vol. XLVI. cc. 415-432) directed against those who put off the time of their baptism. St. Ambrose, St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, all make frequent reference to the same abuse.

<sup>3</sup> *Clementine Recognitions*, Bk. VI., ch. 9.

<sup>4</sup> St. Augustine, "Sermo de Urbis excidio," Migne, P.L., Vol. XL., c. 722. Seeck assigns this incident to the year 398 A.D. See his "Geschichte des Untergangs der antiken Welt," Vol. V., p. 563.



until they were at death's door) was great, and he refers not only to the sermons of the Fathers of the fourth century, but also to the evidence of many mortuary tablets in Italy and Gaul which record the demise of elderly catechumens who sometimes passed away "in albis," *i.e.*, in the week following baptism, while wearing their white chrysom robes.<sup>1</sup>

I have described this paper in its sub-title as a sidelight upon the early history of the sacrament of penance, and the point I seek to make is this. Is it not likely that the practice of deferring baptism had a great deal to say to the very scanty notices which survive from the third and fourth centuries after Christ of anything in the nature of private confession? Obviously a man had to be baptized before he needed, or could be admitted to, public or private penance. If the number of the baptized was relatively small, this must have had a considerable effect in restricting also the number of those who were even capable of receiving the sacrament of reconciliation. But more than this, it was quite well understood and much insisted on—for example in a well known passage of Origen—that lesser sins could be forgiven in a variety of ways without recourse to sacramental confession. Those adults who did receive baptism at such a period, when the example of so many seemed to justify procrastination, were likely to be exceptionally pious people with few temptations, people who felt sure of themselves, and who, in the absence of any general practice prescribing confession as a duty, saw no particular reason for seeking absolution from priest or bishop. They committed no sins of a graver kind and they were content to trust to their alms-deeds, their prayers, their faithful observance of the appointed fasts, their private or general admission of guilt and unworthiness when they took part in the offices of the Church, to obtain the remission of those minor offences by which they had violated God's law.

On the other hand men who were conscious of their own weakness and of their repeated grievous transgressions would almost inevitably postpone baptism, seeing that so many of their neighbours adopted this course; or if some crisis or special appeal had frightened them into surrender, they would have been extremely careful not to use up, save in case

<sup>1</sup> See Leclercq in "Dictionnaire d'Archéologie et de Liturgie," Vol. III., c. 1944. A typical case is that of Junius Bassus who died in 359 at the age of 42, but who was still only a catechumen. *Ibid.*, Vol. II. c. 611.

of desperate need, what they believed to be their only remaining chance of forgiveness. For it must not be forgotten that down to the time of St. Chrysostom, and in certain parts of the world, even after that date, there was a prevalent impression, encouraged by some teachers whose authority few contested, that for the more grievous classes of sin, the offender could only once be admitted to penance after baptism had been received. The same motive which led so many to procrastinate in submitting themselves to the first and necessary laver of regeneration, would have operated with redoubled force in delaying recourse to that second purification of penance after which they had no secure hope of further pardon. It is for this reason, as I judge, that in the synodal decrees, the sermons and other writings of the first few Christian centuries, the references to the private administration of penance are few and vague. Nobody questioned the power of the keys. The possibility of obtaining remission of even the most grievous sins by having recourse to the pastors of the Church was quite clearly understood. But in practice, as I conceive, the number of those who, in sound health and with the prospect of long years of life still before them, availed themselves of this means of grace, was relatively small. Many will have shrunk from the years of graded penance which throughout a large part of Christendom was the accepted discipline in the reconciliation of more grievous offenders. But still more of those who had either been baptized in childhood or who had received the sacrament later, will have been led to postpone their formal admission to penance by the fear that they would be staking their last throw, that if this failed and they fell back into their old sins the door of reconciliation would be closed to them in future except possibly on their deathbeds. No doubt the 13th canon of the Council of Nicæa in A.D. 325 had expressed the mind of the Church quite clearly concerning this last emergency.

Regarding those passing from life [so ran the decree] the ancient and canonical law should continue to be observed which forbids that anyone who is on the point of death should be deprived of the last and most necessary Viaticum. If he does not die after having been absolved let him have place with those who have the fellowship of the "Prayer" [*i.e.*, in the highest rank of peni-

tents]. But generally, in the case of any one soever who is on his deathbed, and who asks to partake of the Eucharist, let the bishop give it him after due investigation.

But even though this principle had been laid down, deathbed reconciliation had its difficulties and its uncertainties. A man who saw so much procrastination around him, who was witness of the careless lives of the many who trusted to blot out the offences of the past by receiving baptism some day, would be sorely tempted to postpone the time when he would submit himself to the rigid discipline of canonical penance and would thereby use up his one certain opportunity of post-baptismal reconciliation. If they, he felt, could be happy in facing the risk of sudden death, so could he. Undoubtedly the exhortations of the great doctors of the Church denouncing these reckless delays, gradually produced their effect. The abuse was checked. Infant baptism established itself as a general observance, though curiously enough for many centuries the principle prevailed with full ecclesiastical sanction, that, barring cases of extreme urgency, children should only be brought to the font at Easter and at Pentecost. But it seems to me a striking fact that as in the course of the fifth century the postponement of baptism became by degrees the exception and not the rule, so in the Christian writers of the same period we begin to hear more frequently and in somewhat fuller detail of the private or quasi-private administration of the Sacrament of Penance.

HERBERT THURSTON.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### CATHOLICS AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

WHEN in June, 1926, the great Eucharistic Congress was held in Chicago, non-Catholic America took a general interest in that manifestation of the Catholic Faith, spoke of it with respect, if not always with full intelligence, and gave a kindly welcome to foreign adherents of it. But during the last few months Catholics everywhere, though especially in the States, have been grieved to witness their Faith grossly travestied and ignorantly denounced by members of one of the great political parties in that land of freedom. Assuming that Governor Smith's rejection at the polls was even partly due to his profession of Catholicism, Catholics the world over have a right to resent the insult offered to their conscientious beliefs, implied in that electoral decision. We are not alluding primarily to the way anti-Catholicism expressed itself; even if the Republican campaign had been conducted without any lack of religious courtesy and fairness, the plain inference from its result that the practice of Catholicity unfits a man for the holding of the highest office in the State, in the view *i.e.*, of some twenty-two million Americans, is, we maintain, an unmerited affront to the conscientious Catholic everywhere. An affront, because it implies that there is something in his religious affiliation incompatible with civil safety and well-being: unmerited, because of the benefits which the civilized world, and not least the United States, owe to that particular religious affiliation. Christian civilization was constructed by Catholics on the basis of Catholic principles. The ideal of liberty, enshrined in the American constitution, was first elaborated by Catholic theologians. The rights of the civil Government, which non-Catholics tend to base on force, are endorsed and made a matter of moral obligation by the Church. Yet because the Church is supra-national and although her sphere is supernatural, people are still to be found so ignorant of her history and her character as to regard her influence as necessarily political and essentially foreign!

We recall with relief that eighteen million Americans, voting for Mr. Smith, showed themselves free from this strange hallucination. The bulk of these, doubtless, were Catholics, who knew from their own experience that the more closely they have carried out the dictates of their faith, the better citizens they became. On the other hand, Mr. Hoover's twenty-two million supporters certainly numbered many Catholics, voting, as they freely might,

for the man they preferred, without sharing in the unCatholic distrust of his opponent. And so we cannot say for certain that the wholly-irrelevant religious issue actually determined the result. Still it is enough to justify our protest that it had some share in doing so. That result, we may note in passing, was strangely undemocratic in another sense. The American electoral system is such that a President can be elected on a minority vote. In the present case it is said that the transference of half a million votes, out of the thirty-three million cast in certain evenly-balanced States, would have given the presidency to Mr. Smith, whereas, with more than two-fifths of the votes, he polled only one-sixth of the electoral college. He is entitled, we think, to draw much encouragement from these facts, and it would disappoint his admirers over here and deprive his country of much-needed services of the highest value, if he were to go, even temporarily, into retirement.

The fact remains that his candidature aroused an unprecedented amount of anti-Catholic bigotry in a country where institutional religion is *de facto* at a very low ebb, but where there exists an intense and narrow nationalism, easily aroused to suspect and resent foreign influences. American Catholic papers have collected many loathsome specimens of the false and scurrilous invective to which the Church and her members have been subjected:<sup>1</sup> it was so voluminous and wide-spread and endorsed by so many seemingly educated people; it was, alas! not, as it should have been, so explicitly repudiated by Mr. Hoover's official agents, that many prominent Americans, seeing its danger to the State, set about forming an association to combat it. They recognized in the portent the presence of an element destructive of the essence of the social state, a tendency to intrude into the domain of conscience, and to outlaw, on grounds of religion, millions of honest citizens. They saw the intolerant spirit of Prohibition passing from the sphere of conduct to the sphere of thought and conscience. And they feared the practical reversal of that cardinal principle of the U.S. Constitution, that his religious belief as such shall prejudice no citizen in the service of his country. These men, then, of every creed and political association, formed themselves into a committee on September 18th, with the permanent object of showing that there is nothing in Catholic doctrine, properly understood, incompatible with true citizenship. Disgraceful as has been the campaign of the bigots, and harmful in its immediate results, this Committee, sponsored by the Calvert Associates, and amply provided with funds, is an offset of incalculable value. It has already proved its usefulness by disseminating far and wide the "Calvert Handbook of Catholic

<sup>1</sup> See, for instance, "The Documents of Intolerance" in *The Commonwealth* for November 7th.

Facts," a book of some 140 pages, setting forth the case for the Catholic citizen.

That information of the kind is called for in the United States, in spite of the large share taken by the Church in their prosperous development, and in spite of the fact that Catholics form one in five of their population, is due to several causes. The Catholic population, in the first place, is predominantly urban (nearly 80% of the whole), and, therefore, millions of the Continental Americans have never even seen a Catholic, any more than they have seen the sea. All they have learned about us has been derived from non-Catholic sources. Secondly, many of these sources have been, and are, anti-Catholic as well. For there has lingered amongst the untravelled and uncultured classes in the States the bitter intolerance of Catholicism which formed the essence of the Reformation, but which, through lapse of time and spread of knowledge, has become comparatively rare in Europe. Hence many find their interest and profit in exploiting for political ends this rancorous bigotry, which being devoid of basis in reason or fact must needs be supported by wholesale and inconsistent lying. The task, in fact, which faces the eminent Americans mentioned above is practically the same, in character and extent, as John Henry Newman faced when he wrote his "Present Position of Catholics"—the overthrow in the minds of a reluctant and prejudiced majority of the *Great Protestant Tradition*. It is a formidable task.

The greatest danger to the republic [writes Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the Chairman of the new Committee] is neither capitalism nor the trade unions; neither party tyranny nor communism; not even materialism nor the license and the wildness of the "younger generation." It is, quite simply, the threatened and complete control of the government and society by the body of ignorance, prejudice and superstition, already so powerful that it has Congress and most of the "practical politicians" in leash, and is itself responsible, not only for constitutional prohibition and many other coercive and anti-social acts, but also for the latest assault, not only on religious liberty, but on the very fundamentals of culture, intelligence and honour. (*The Commonweal*, Sept. 26th.)

Mr. Cram, we note, puts Prohibition in the same category as the religious intolerance against which he is immediately campaigning; and he is right. In present circumstances the assault on rational liberty involved in the Volstead Act is also an assault on Catholic principles, which set forth the only two conditions justifying such an interference with personal rights on the part of the State, viz., the free consent of the whole population, or the impossibility of otherwise saving the State from



grievous and permanent injury. Even if the measure were a complete success and America, against the wishes of a considerable section of its inhabitants, became "bone dry" it would not therefore be what every law should be,—an ordinance according to reason. And if, not material prosperity but, moral progress be urged in support of it, again, *dato non concesso*, the principle is unsound; for it would justify abolishing, in the supposed interests of morality, the use of everything that can be abused; our senses included. Accordingly, Mr. Smith, denounced for demanding the removal of the yoke of Volsteadism, suffered, herein as well, for the thoroughness of his Catholicism. We are willing to believe all that is good of Mr. Hoover, whose record in Europe marks him out as a supreme administrator, but the saying attributed to him that Prohibition was "a noble experiment" shows that he is anything but a supreme thinker. Or perhaps it only shows to what irrational lengths a politician is sometimes obliged to go to retain the allegiance of the fanatics of his party.

On the whole, then, Catholics everywhere have reason to rejoice at Mr. Smith's candidature, in spite of the fact that it failed of its aim. The Catholic Church got thereby a magnificent advertisement. The fear it aroused, foolish and baseless though it was, is a testimony to its power and vitality. And the very virulence of its foes has surely overshot itself, not only in the case of the educated and high-principled, represented by Mr. Cram and his associates, but also in the case of the honest though ignorant man in the street. "No Popery" in his regard may well turn into "know Popery," especially if the Church in America takes occasion of the interest excited to pursue with even greater vigour her campaign of enlightenment and zeal.

J.K.

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#### MODERNISTS IN COUNCIL.

THE October number of the *Modern Churchman*<sup>1</sup> prints the fourteen papers read at the Girton Conference last September on the general topic "Christianity and History." We make no attempt to criticize the papers, which cover an immense field, and are characterized by the usual assumptions of the relativity of truth and the supremacy of human reason, but merely note a few passages of interest which indicate that the Anglican institution called "Ripon Hall" stands where it did in its attenuated Christology and reverently expressed contempt for the Creeds.

Dr. Major contributes an introduction to the report and in it discusses "two important questions, first, if Jesus is unhistorical can we still be Christians? and secondly, Is Jesus an historical

<sup>1</sup> Blackwell: Oxford, pp, 240. Price, 3s. 6d.

Person?" His reply to the first question is: "Certainly we should be the poorer spiritually if we did not believe in the Incarnation, Atonement, and Resurrection which are essentially Christian doctrines; but it is possible, I think, to believe in the essential truths of each of these doctrines without believing in an historical Jesus." Such are the casuistical vagaries of modern free-thought. For Dr. Major, essential Christian doctrine seems to be limited to the accepted ethical code of Christian conduct, the observance of the two "Great Commandments." But "Christianity without Christ," we hasten to add, is not Dr. Major's own position, though his Christ is not the Christ of the Nicene Creed. He does believe that the man Christ actually existed and in the last paragraph of his introduction, he declares that "we may dismiss the mythological Jesus theory with the remark that it seems as grotesque to the scholarly student of the New Testament as 'Anglo-Israelism' does to the critical scholar of the Old Testament."

Dr. Bezzant, the Vice-Principal of Ripon Hall, writes on "The Authority of Jesus Christ," and his paper restates the familiar Modernist view that "religious experience" is the final authority. "Jesus never asked men to accept what He said because He said it, and we to-day do not believe His teaching because He gave it, but we believe in Him because He was and said these things."

It is curious how Christ's reiterated "I say to you" fails to impress Modernists. We seem to be invited to test Christ by our own ideals and standards rather than to test ourselves by the code which He proclaims authoritatively. We are told that "the authority of Christ for any man must depend on the human [? ethical] level to which he has attained." Faith, on this showing, would vary directly with good works, but all human experience proves the contrary. It is hard to see how finality can be claimed for the teaching of Christ by one who affirms that "the indwelling of God in Christ carries with it no guarantee of his intellectual infallibility. This he never claimed either for himself or for the form of any statement he made."

Mr. Bezzant offers suggestions for the elimination of certain of Our Lord's "hard sayings"; passages wherein we "find sayings and a tone which we could wish to be absent." Either "we can assume that he was misreported or misunderstood, or, at the worst, we shall have to admit no more than that very occasionally Our Lord MAY have fallen below his own highest level, a fact which is only discoverable in the light of that highest level [afore-said]. We are not committed to belief in his infallibility, of infallibilities there are none to be found within human experience." That would seem to suggest that at times in reading the Gospel our conscience may sit in judgment on the Son of God and decide that in particular sayings or doings He has fallen below what we judge to be "His better self!"

What can the Saints in the Courts of Heaven think of such utterances as these.

We have only picked out a few sentences from the contributions of the leading theologians of an Anglican clergy-school at Oxford, as they not unfairly illustrate the "point of view" which is being popularized to-day by the Modernist School. It is a school, be it noted, which the "Anglo-Catholic" Bishop Gore "rejoices" to have included in the "comprehensive" Anglican Church (*The Times*, Sept. 19), showing thereby that he finds himself no longer able to denounce the heresy rampant in the Establishment as he did in such emphatic terms at the Birmingham Church Congress of 1921. How any Christian can rejoice in companionship with those who deny Christ's divinity and make him but one of the Major Prophets, surprises those who stand outside the mental fog of Anglicanism. The Christ of Modernism, the product of human criticism moulded by human experience, can never become an "authority" to raise and save the people of England, whose "human level" is so visibly and so rapidly deteriorating. It is because the Catholic Church now as in the past preaches a Divine Christ, and bids men accept His teaching *because it is His*, that that teaching, so accepted, has raised human ideals and created a Christian conscience where it was previously lacking. Modernism, denying the supernatural, lowers Christ to the human level and deprives His teaching and example of any absolute value. Catholic doctrine, on the other hand, raises human nature, in the Incarnation of God the Son and in the communication of the divine nature by grace, to the supernatural, and makes it capable of the highest virtue. No Modernist Christ could have founded Christianity in a fallen pagan world, nor enabled it to endure to the end of time. The learned men who spin their theories in *The Modern Churchman* "devising vain things against the Lord and against His Christ"—are sawing off the branch on which they are sitting. Happily, common sense and common honesty, although not always in their own heretical body, can easily make head against their unreasonable rationalism.

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#### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SYDNEY EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

THE Twenty-ninth International Eucharistic Congress has already begun to disappear from the purview of European minds. In Ireland, especially, the light which blazed at Sydney in September, 1928, is growing dim before the rising sun of a future Congress to be held at Dublin in 1932. Nevertheless, it may not be amiss, even in view of Ireland's intention, briefly to recall the significance of Australia's success.

In a Catholic Review, it is scarcely necessary to remark that

the most important aspect of a Eucharistic Congress is the spiritual one. The significance of Montreal, Chicago, or Sydney, from this point of view, was quite adequately explained by Cardinal Mundelein in the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, June, 1926. "The opportunity for a great spiritual revival, the chance of a city-wide, nation-wide mission" was strongly insisted on in many of the sermons preached and speeches made at Sydney. That the opportunities were taken is shown by the number of Confessions and Communions during the week, the numbers present at the ceremonies, the devotion, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice manifested, not merely in Sydney, but also in the other cities, and even in the far bush "back-blocks" wherever the radio messages reached.

No one can doubt but that for the Catholic Church in Australia the Congress was of the greatest importance. Cardinal Cerretti referred to it as a kind of "coming-of-age." "The first chapter is closed of the history of the Church in Australia. But the ending of one chapter is but the opening of another. We trust that the patriotic spirit and power of initiative, which wrote Australia so largely on the map during the awful days of the world-war, will find their counterpart in the religious sphere." The assembly was a public manifestation on a gigantic scale of Catholic solidarity in faith and practice, revealing, as one non-Catholic speaker said, many things of which Australians themselves were hardly conscious. But more particularly its significance with regard to the Australian Church may be seen in the light that it has shed, for the present and for the future, on our relations with our Government and with our Protestant fellow-countrymen. These two aspects are clearly foreshadowed in an historical work, which was published during the Congress.<sup>1</sup>

As to the relations of the Catholic Church with the Australian Government, Cardinal Cerretti was eloquent in his praise and thanks for the hospitable reception given to him as the Pope's representative. Both at Melbourne, where Premier, Leader of Opposition and Lord Mayor participated actively in the public welcome, and still more noticeably at Sydney, where the Premier, Mr. Bavin, did all in his power to extinguish opposition, and to ensure the smooth running of the week's celebrations, this hospitality was shown. On the solemn opening-day, the same Mr. Bavin came forward in the pulpit of St. Mary's Cathedral and gave eloquent expression to his hopes for the good results of the Congress. One must of course make some allowance here for the popularity and ascendancy of the Legate himself with all public men who had had dealings with him during his previous stay in Australia. But even this allowance will not suffice to explain the generous and

<sup>1</sup> "The Dawn of Catholicism in Australia," (2 vols.) by Rev. Eris M. O'Brien. Sydney: Angus and Robertson, Ltd.

sympathetic sentiments expressed by the Governor-General (Lord Stonehaven), the Prime Minister (Mr. Bruce), and other public officials, who, with the Lieutenant Governors of New South Wales and Papua and the Victorian Premier, assisted at the farewell garden-party and dinner which followed the Congress.

Our relations with the non-Catholic religious bodies could not fail to be a source of some anxiety. When such an emphatic display of uniform Catholic faith in the Blessed Sacrament and of obedience to the Pope, fell within a few months after the hubbub caused in Protestant circles in general, and in the Anglican community in particular, by the Prayer-Book Controversy and the sale of St. Andrew's (Anglican) Cathedral, one might have anticipated some manifestation of anti-Catholic irritation. But, on the contrary, the attitude of all non-Catholic bodies might seem to have been suggested by that of Canon Aiken, who represented the Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne. Almost all the public speeches of the week echoed his words :

The lessons of the great struggle, 1914-18, would be wholly lost, if we have not learnt the spirit of greater fraternity and readiness to co-operate. I am present in that spirit. . . . I have thought much about the great gathering over which His Eminence is to preside in Sydney, and I cannot help thinking of all it means, not only for the Catholic Church, but also to Australia in general. . . . This meeting in Sydney will come together in the spirit of Christ, and will bring peoples of all nations into the unity of the Body of Christ. . . . Its success will be in promoting the spirit which makes for ecclesiastical unity and brotherhood.

Almost the same thought was developed by Mr. Bavin, when he said : "The Cathedral should remind us that the things which unite us are deeper and more lasting than the things which divide us as members of classes or creeds." Stronger still were the expressions used by the Governor-General and the Prime Minister, and by numerous non-Catholic preachers throughout the country.

So universal, in fact, was this chorus of " fellow-feeling and common Christian effort," "this spirit of tolerance, of consideration and recognition of the faith of others," "this conviction that all the churches are striving towards the same goal," that some readers, aware of the prevalence, especially in the New World, of indifferentism, may be alarmed at the tone of these utterances. Some may fear lest the Catholic position should have been misunderstood. That Catholics were on their guard against this is shown by some severe criticism in the daily Press regarding the "controversial tone" adopted by Archbishop Mannix and other preachers, who set forth the unique claims of the Church. That most Protestants thus had clear appreciation of our position is

suggested by a sermon preached in a Presbyterian Church on the last day of the Congress. The preacher, Rev. R. J. McGowan, said :

The events of the past week have made it clear that a great doctrinal gulf existed between the Roman Catholic Church and Evangelical Protestantism. While the Lord's deity, His virginal birth and real resurrection might be held with Rome, the subjects that had been emphasized at the Eucharistic Congress showed that it was idle to talk of reunion with her. . . . The Reformation of the 16th century set the Word of God above the traditions of men, and brought out the truth that men could go to God through Christ directly, without human mediations.<sup>1</sup>

The significance of the Congress with regard to the Church in the Pacific and Far East was touched on by Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco. In private interviews with newspaper reporters, he had referred to his active interest in the Institute of Pacific Relations. In his sermon at the solemn opening of St. Mary's, he made his meaning clearer.

Unto us, who dwell around the sunset sea, comes to-day a command from Christ. . . . Around our mighty water may dwell three-quarters of the human race. . . . The problems of the Pacific are the great problems of the future, the problems of the Church. From men of English speech and from men of English tradition must come in large measure the solution of these problems. Only in Christ is there a solution. . . . Let us on this day, when a listening world turns its ear towards this land . . . let us highly resolve to undertake our God-given task of bringing this world, in which we live, into the obedience of Christ.

That these thoughts were not altogether new to the organizers of the Congress is shown by a list of the lectures given this year at the Catholic Club in Sydney. Among the subjects we find the following : "Congress Comes to Australia in the Pagan Pacific," "Australia, Outpost of New Christianity," "Australia's Strategic Position for Progress in the East."

This aspect of Sydney's great assembly has been made the subject of an able article in *America* (Oct. 6th). Though hardly ready to concur with all the enthusiastic prognostications of the writer, we think that he is justified in foreseeing far-reaching results of the Congress in those distant missionary lands. The gathering was held practically in the midst of them, far from Europe and the Old World, yet closely linked to the Father of

<sup>1</sup> We base our version of this sermon on the report published in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Sept. 10th. The text was not without some obscurities.



Christendom, and truly Catholic in all its aspects. Secondly, the ceremonies were carried out in a setting that most of the Pacific Islanders understand well, and with that open-air pageantry that they admire. Finally, and of primary importance, we note that the visiting prelates and clergy included representatives of over twenty dioceses or vicariates of the Far East; of China, India, Batavia, Singapore, Dutch East Indies, Philippines, Honolulu and many more. The Maori deputation excited considerable interest.<sup>1</sup>

When His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., was told of the reception given to his Legate in Sydney, and of the auspicious opening of the Congress, the faultless organization and the perfect harmony of all the sections, he is reported to have compared it with Montreal and Chicago, and to have said: "Australia has proved that she is one of the factors in the civilization of the world." The Pope was here pointing to the world-significance of the Sydney Congress, common indeed to all previous ones, and to every big public manifestation of Catholic faith. This was formulated, probably unconsciously, by the leader-writer of one of the daily papers, when he wrote the head-line: "Religion's Answer to Modern Paganism." The answer itself was summed up by Cardinal Cerretti: "The love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and affectionate attachment to the Holy Father are three rays of light, distinct among themselves, but always converging, indicating and revealing the Catholic Church." The same thought became the principle theme of Dr. Mannix's sermon on the opening day, and was repeated, sometimes with a slightly ironical note, in all the reports that we have seen. The *Sydney Morning Herald's* reference to "this living and moving picture of Rome's annihilation of the centuries, which published the glory of the Roman Church, and advertised the grave sincerity and beautiful enthusiasm of her Australian adherents"; the wonder of another reporter at "the extraordinary strength of a Church, that could produce from every country such devotion and such representatives"; the oft-repeated confession that never before had Sydney seen such an assembly representative of the whole world—all these are eloquent confirmation of one preacher's strong assertion: "In these days of dissolving creeds and threatened civilization, there are two things that stand, there are two things that really matter—the Tabernacle and the Vatican."

D. N. HEHIR.

<sup>1</sup> It may be of interest to recall that at the opening of Springwood Junior Seminary, Cardinal Moran said: "I have built the Seminary facing east because the islands on our east coast belong to Australia geographically and economically, and should belong to her spiritually."

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**Blowing  
Hot and Cold.**

Is it possible that several statesmen signed the Kellogg Pact without fully understanding its implications? So the Prime Minister would seem to imply by what he said at the Albert Hall on October 26th at a League of Nations Union meeting. "We have deliberately turned our back on war as an instrument that has been used since the beginning of time. . . . We have most solemnly given this undertaking in each other's presence. The conception is so vast *that I doubt if people have yet realized the full import of it.* . . . It means that we are trying to change the whole current of political history; it means that we are trying to find some moral equivalent to war." Certainly, these words describe, accurately enough, the world's momentous undertaking to settle disputes henceforward by pacific means. Yet, while preparations were going on for the signing of this undertaking, Great Britain and France were conducting other negotiations which implied that the Pact meant nothing. We do not doubt that the suggestions for a naval agreement with France had in view only the facilitating of armament-reduction, and the Government has freed itself from the reproach of sinister secret diplomacy. But it has been singularly blind to the probable effects of its projects on the international situation. Now that the League of Nations is functioning, anything like private arrangements between individual Powers is very bad international form. It tends to bring back all the evil devices of the old "Balance of Power" system. And all these meticulous calculations about relative military or naval strength harmonize ill with the Kellogg Pact's sweeping renunciation of physical force in international disputes. Coming when it did, the revelation of this private bargain between two of the League Powers suggested, not only want of serious intention in signing the Pact, but want of faith in the League itself. Now the League, like the just man, must for the present live by faith. It has not enough works to its credit as yet to be sure of its own permanence. Any one of the great Powers could ruin it by resigning membership. Even the suspicion of any Government's relying on anything but the League and its Courts for the protection of its interests tends to paralyse its usefulness. As it is, not a few of them look elsewhere than to the League for security, and a system of inner alliances and combinations has grown up which, unless explicitly and formally subordinated to the constitution of the League, as is the great Locarno agreement, must inevitably enfeeble it. Hence the grave import of the proposed undertaking on the part of Great Britain

to support France in excluding effective reserves from estimates of military strength. Such an undertaking would surely be incompatible with this country's position as impartial guarantor of Franco-German good faith. Those who even for the moment entertained it showed themselves strangely oblivious of their actual obligations under the League and the Pact.

**Does U.S.A.  
understand?**

Inability to realize the plain significance of the latter is not, unfortunately, confined to the Old World. The Armistice Day speech of President Coolidge contained many admirable passages on the barbarism of war,—as for instance:

The whole essence of war is destruction. It is the negation and the antithesis of human progress. No good thing ever came out of war that could not better have been secured by reason and conscience.

Every dictate of humanity constantly cries aloud that we do not want any more war. We ought to take every precaution and make every honourable sacrifice, however great, to prevent it,

and in praise of the Kellogg Pact, as, for instance: "it is the most complete, and will be the most effective, instrument for peace that was ever devised," but he goes on to argue that security, after all, lies in national strength, and, so far from recognizing what is now a commonplace with European thinkers, viz., that the great war was not only made inevitable but made more terrible by competition in armament-defences, he makes the curiously unenlightened comment that "if the European countries had neglected their defences, it is probable that war would have come much sooner." Moreover, whilst proclaiming the necessity of mutual trust,—“the whole scheme of human society, the whole progress of civilization, requires that we should have faith in men and nations. There is no other positive power on which we could rely. All the values that have ever been created, all the progress that has ever been made, declare that our faith is justified,”—he seems to ignore the lack of such faith involved in his determination to make the United States rely on themselves for their own security. He says explicitly that the Kellogg Pact “leaves the questions of national defence and limitation of armaments practically where they were,” whereas a hopeful world not unreasonably expected that, once the nations had agreed no longer to use force in support of their interests, there would be no further question of merely national defence, but only of such common exercise of force, economic or military, as would keep a defaulting nation to its word. After all, the need of defence varies with the possibility of attack.

Mr. Coolidge gives it an absolute value, measured by extent of coast-line, bulk of foreign commerce, and amount of foreign investments. We had fondly thought that the immunity of the two latter goods was, according to the Pact, to be secured by peaceful means and that the reduction of naval armaments, in Europe and Asia, to defence-limits would make it impossible to threaten the long American coast-line; but our mistake was in imagining that the Pact indicated a new mentality in the American Government.

**The  
Work of the  
People.**

Mr. Kellogg, speaking on the same day about the scope of the Pact, said significantly:

Whether or not we reach our common goal depends not so much upon Governments as upon the peoples from whom their powers flow. I believe in the people. I have confidence in mankind and I am happy that I have been privileged to participate in the conclusion of a treaty which should make it easier for men and women to realize their long-cherished ideal of peace on earth.

It is because we too believe in the people that we hope that they will insist on the Pact being acted on according to its plain meaning. Now, there is an acknowledged difference of opinion between Great Britain and America on the subject of the right of blockade during war-time, and it is this that lies at the root of their disagreement about naval strength. Why not settle that point first? Why should not the five naval Powers, who have solemnly determined never again to attack one another, arrange amongst themselves, on the basis of that resolve, the policing of the Seven Seas and then set to work to reduce their colossal naval forces? The less they have, consistent with being able to keep down piracy and slavery and illegal commerce generally; and to enforce, if necessary, the Covenant of the League, the more secure would each of them be. As for the right of blockade, there are those who feel that it would be wholly to the advantage of the island of Great Britain, if the Second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, dropped from the Peace Treaty at the instance of the Allies, as being too vague, should now become part of international law. It runs: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." The British Government has formally, by the mouth of the Premier, abandoned any purpose of naval competition with America and, consequently, has practically given up the power to enforce its views on blockade against that State. An equally formal acceptance of Wilson's Second Point would do

more for diminution of armaments than eight years of negotiation have been able to bring about. The man in the street does not want the Kellogg Pact to be a mere aspiration. He wants to see its effect in increased international amity and reduced national taxation: and here is one way to that result.

Peace  
in our Time  
or Never.

In the Armistice celebrations this year, there appeared for the first time, a certain note of impatience. Some wanted the military display abandoned or curtailed; others grumbled at the enforced silence; there was a common feeling that the peace that was being commemorated was not at all what it had promised to be. Yet, unless the war is thus kept in mind, and unless we remember how its high ideal faded, long before the end, into hatred and greed and revenge, the young generations will never be able to profit by the glance into the pit which told their fathers so much of the real character and effects of modern fighting. In a very few years, unless peace is firmly established, and we discover that "moral equivalent to war," of which the Prime Minister spoke, those will be in power all over the world to whom war will be merely a matter of hearsay, inadequately realized and out of all perspective. On the other hand, preparations for war never slacken. The professional fighter, so long as he may be wanted, *must* perfect himself in his profession, and acquire better and better means of practising it. Hence a certain "cult" of warfare amongst those devoted to their country's defence,—with untoward results. Nothing causes more distrust of Europe in America than the apparent incorrigibility of the Old World in this respect. The United States would not, we are sure, be so uncompromising in the matter of war-debts, if they saw disarmament in progress amongst their debtors. In his Armistice speech Mr. Coolidge said, of England and France,—“Both are making very large outlays for military purposes,” and, in the same connection,—“We do not wish to finance preparation for a future war.” That is the outside view of our incredible slowness to disarm—a view shared at home by such an eminent authority as Sir William Robertson who, early in November last year, exposed, in memorable words, the futility of relying upon armaments as a bulwark against war. We want utterances of the sort constantly repeated; we want school-children taught to regard war in the modern world as something anachronistic and barbarous; we want everything that can emphasize its certain evil and its uncertain good clearly shown; indeed, we should like to see in our catechisms a succinct account of international ethics, making plain the stringent conditions required for a just war. Governments will not be active in the cause of peace, unless they are subjected to far

greater pressure from peaceful citizens than they are exposed to from those who profess the career of arms or believe in war, "as an instrument of national policy." If "the whole current of political history" is not changed within the next few years, it will be vain to make the attempt later. The responsibility for preventing any future war rests upon those who experienced the last.

**Rediscovering  
Catholic  
Tradition.**

It has often been observed that since the great rupture with Catholic tradition caused by the Reformation, non-Catholic thinkers are constantly discovering for themselves and proclaiming as novelties ancient truths which Catholics have never lost sight of. Mr. Chesterton, in his pre-Catholic days, had that experience and gave it characteristically vivid expression: "I was always," he says ("Orthodoxy," p. 224), "rushing out of my architectural study with plans for a new turret, only to find it sitting up there in the sunlight, shining and a thousand years old." Other people have been similarly engaged in rediscovering the forgotten. The essentially social character of man was expounded by Aristotle, and woven into Catholic philosophy by St. Thomas. The late Lord Haldane, in "Selected Essays and Addresses," discovers once more a truth embodied in every Catholic text-book of Sociology!

Men [he writes] are real only because they are social. The notion that the individual is the highest form of reality and that the relationship of individuals is one of mere contract, the notion of Hobbes and of Bentham and of Austin, turns out to be quite inadequate.

It was inadequate from the first, but English and other non-Catholic philosophers, in their foolish disdain for the Catholic tradition, shut their eyes to the wisdom of the past, and endeavoured to attain truth without its guidance. Again, a writer in the *Saturday Review* (November 3rd) attributes to "the lawyers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries," with a solemn reference to Blackstone, the distinction between *mala prohibita* and *mala in se*, which, "though discountenanced in the hey-day of Victorian individualism," is as old as Christian morality itself. In the one case, English Philosophers, in the other, English lawyers, had managed to overlook elementary principles taught, continuously and consistently, by the Catholic Church. It will generally be found that, in breaking with the Catholic tradition in matters religious and social, the modern mind has always gone astray. Anglicanism, for instance, is finding out, several centuries too late, that spiritual independence is of the essence of the Church of Christ. A prominent Lutheran is quoted in *The Times* (November 19th) as saying: "I confess to be a heretic



as regards the ruling doctrine that all law derives its authority from the State. God is the source of law, and has put bounds to the law of the State." It is surely late in the day to be recalling the distinction made by our Lord between the things of God and those of Cæsar!

**The  
Anti-Saloon  
League.**

How a nation which professes a special cult of liberty was induced to embody, as an integral part of its constitution, a piece of legislation which implies that it cannot be trusted to use liberty aright in governing its own appetites, is told in a singularly candid book, called "Pressure Politics," and appraised by Dr. J. A. Ryan in the November *Catholic World*. We there learn with what skill and patience the Anti-Saloon League worked, from its foundation in 1874, to establish Local Option, first of all in certain Ohio Townships, then to make it State wide, and finally to combine with other States to make it embrace the nation. Originally the professed aim was to enable decent citizens to get rid of the anti-social activities of the public-house; a laudable object in the circumstances. But the founders meant death to the liquor trade from the first, and by utilizing the puritan proclivities of the sects—the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, were the head and substance of the movement—and by all the political devices known to a nation of politicians they secured prohibition from legislature after legislature, till finally the war gave them their chance of passing the Eighteenth Amendment. "The Inevitability of Gradualness" never had a better illustration. Vociferous, untiring emotional, unscrupulous, versed in every political manoeuvre, and, aided on the one hand by the uneducated rural material on which they worked, and on the other, by the stupid intransigence of the drink sellers, the Anti-Saloon League achieved the political miracle of persuading a not very ascetical people to pass an act of compulsory self-denial, such as not the severest Order in the Church Catholic has thought of imposing on its *élite*. It has failed and can never succeed, for it is based on Manichæan falsehood; but the wonder remains that the American people should have accepted it and tolerated it so long.

**The Growth  
of  
Bureaucracy.**

Is anything similar possible here? We think not. Just as Bolshevism has indefinitely weakened Communism in this country by providing an object-lesson of Marxism in practice, so America's experience has enlightened those who were disposed to remedy the evils of strong drink by short cuts. Canada, Norway, Australia and other places which have coquetted with Prohibition have drawn back in time, thanks to what they have seen in the States. But the puritan is not unknown amongst us here,

and our own Trade's activities are sufficiently anti-social to attract his zealous attention. The Anglican bishop who wrote to *The Times* to say: "The election of Mr. Hoover by a sweeping majority is a splendid victory for prohibitionists in the United States," clearly showed where his sympathies lay, although he added: "We are not advocating prohibition in England." He surely would if he thought the plan feasible. We have noticed recently a declaration by a "British Prohibition and Women's Party" indicating that the seeds of a Prohibition Campaign are being sown. And the gradual growth of bureaucracy, during and since the war, is a warning of the same sort. The Lord Chief Justice has frequently called attention to the practice of withdrawing the decisions of Government Departments from legal revision, and of giving these Departments power to make rules which have statutory force. Unless the citizen is alive to these attempts on his liberty, and the general tendency to multiply positive prohibitions, he may wake some day to find himself a member of a Socialist State.

**Literary  
Censorship  
Necessary.**

The Press discussion about literary censorship occasioned by the Home Secretary's banning of an immoral book, and the more elaborate legislation now before the Dublin Parliament, has produced little light, because most of the writers have not faced the fundamental reason for controlling literary output, viz., the absence, in the case of many writers, of any check provided by conscience on what they write. They do not recognize the moral law which forbids us to put temptation in the way of others, if we can avoid it. They have no sense of responsibility for their use of their talents; they find, plainly, that moral filth "pays," so they do not scruple to produce it. Now the State has the duty of suppressing any sort of private wrongdoing which may issue in public corruption, and the fact that the task is a difficult and delicate one does not exempt it from trying to fulfil it. Only a moral anarchist would deny to the State any responsibility in the matter; all Governments, in fact, assume it, and a whole department of the League of Nations is occupied in promoting and regulating international action to suppress the trade in immoral publications. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who writes in the *Saturday Review* (Nov. 17th) to deprecate any censorship at all, on the ground that "the old sex taboos are dissolving" and who ascribes, incidentally, the vogue of the immoral postcard to the mere fact that it is legally prohibited, speaks, we may hope, for only a few people, those so "emancipated" that they call drunkenness the result of restrictions on drink, or make burglary due to police activities against theft. Shakespeare knew a truer psychology when he wrote—"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." That is the testimony

of unsophisticated common sense. So, the principle being admitted, the only question is how and to what extent censorship should be exercised? What standard is the censor to apply? Here opinions will differ, according as one accepts or rejects the Christian moral code. But, since this in its broad outlines only expresses the natural law, already binding on all rational creatures, no rational creature has a genuine right to object to its application in his particular case, even though, contrary to reason, he has thrown off its yoke. On the other hand, a public official, whose knowledge of Christian principles may be inadequate or inexact, is by no means an ideal censor, nor is there any likelihood of a satisfactory board being chosen from the very mixed elements of this Christian State. All the moralist can hope for, therefore, is that the police will continue to seize books which are markedly evil and that magistrates will be found conscientious, well-instructed, and clear-minded, strictly to define and administer the law concerning such "obscene libels." For thus the natural law, which makes every conscientious person, of his own accord and in self-protection, immediately reject books against faith or purity, however disguised in the trappings of "Art," will find some support from the law of the State. The analogy is an old one but still valid. No flavour imparted by condiments, however delightful, is held to justify the supplying of tainted meat for public consumption. The plea that "Art" in its presentation excuses the splith of a foul mind is equally unsound.

**The  
Jurisdiction of  
the Crown over  
Anglicanism.**

Legal fictions, the result of forms remaining whilst realities change, are common, nor are they harmful so long as their character is recognized. An important instance was lately afforded by the proceedings necessary to supply the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury, lately resigned. To start with, an attempt was made to prove that his Grace did not vacate his See canonically, since resignation of office can only be made into the hands of him by whom office was conferred, and Dr. Davidson, by resigning office to a commission of Bishops appointed by the King, would seem to have acknowledged that his Majesty was his ecclesiastical superior,—a claim which, it was alleged, not even Henry VIII. asserted. But the facts are against this Anglican theory. In the "faculties" which Henry granted to his schismatic Bishops, we read (*italics ours*): "*Seeing that all authority of jurisdiction, and indeed jurisdiction of all kinds, both that which is called ecclesiastical and that which is secular, is originally derived from the royal power, as from the Supreme Head and foundation and source of magistracy within our kingdom. . .*" And the Crown, under Elizabeth also, and ever since has proceeded on that assumption; so much so that Lord Camp-

bell, in his famous Gorham Judgment (1850), declared that the result of the various Acts which established the State Church was to assign to the Crown the entire jurisdiction which, before the Reformation, had been exercised by the Pope. What the Tudors never claimed was the power of conferring *Orders*, but as the Anglican Articles deny that Orders is a Sacrament, the case is not affected. Archbishop Davidson, therefore, rightly gave up his ruling office to the Crown, from which he originally received it.

**"Convocation"  
has no say in the  
Matter.**

That, however, was not the answer made by the Canterbury officials to the objection that the resignation ought to have been made to Convocation, as the Canonical Superior of the Archbishop. (We may note in passing that the Crown in Parliament is the legislative superior of Convocation, as recent events have fully shown, so that the dreaded lay supremacy cannot be evaded in that way.) The Dean, as anxious as the objector to maintain the (wholly illusive) "spiritual freedom" of the Church of England, agreed that the resignation made to the Crown-appointed commission of Bishops implied no acknowledgment of the spiritual supremacy of the Crown. No. "As our Church is constituted, the Archbishop of Canterbury has no spiritual superior within the Church of England" [nor, of course, outside it] "and his resignation of his spiritual office must be an act for which he himself takes full responsibility in the sight of God." In other words, the Archbishop resigned his office to no one on earth, but, having done so, we are told, he "took action officially to inform the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, as the body which elected him twenty-five years ago, of the steps that he had taken to resign." The Convocation, the Dean goes on to point out, has not, nor ever had, any *locus standi* in the matter.

**The Real  
Meaning of  
"Congé d'élire."**

But the legal fictions are not yet exhausted. On Tuesday, November 13th, the See being then vacant, the Dean and Chapter met to petition the Crown for the writ of *congé d'élire* which was duly granted together with the Letter Recommendation telling them whom they should elect. Unless they duly elect the Crown's nominee (*i.e.*, the person chosen by the Prime Minister of the day) within twelve days, the appointment is made by letters-patent: so real is the ecclesiastical jurisdiction asserted by the Crown. In this case, the person "recommended" is the Archbishop of York who was duly elected on November 21st. *The Times* report keeps up the fiction to the end by saying: "The enthronement, which *depends upon* the election and the confirmation in due course by a Commission of Bishops, will take

place on Tuesday, December 4th." And the Dean's opening statement on the occasion was a masterly attempt to give some spice of reality to proceedings which had none. He constantly spoke of "whatever powers we have," but wholly failed to indicate their existence beyond saying that "in the remote contingency of the Crown proposing for Bishop a person in whom . . . no confidence could be placed, neither the Chapter asked to elect, nor the Bishops requested to confirm, would hesitate to refuse him, whatever the personal consequences to themselves." (*Times*, Nov. 22nd.) A bold but hardly a convincing prophecy.

Pastor  
the Historian.

By the death of His Excellency Freiherr Ludwig von Pastor the whole Catholic world has sustained an irreparable loss. The Church, even in our own days, has had many heroic missionaries, many learned theologians, many able rulers and administrators, but there is no one who in the field of historical scholarship has accomplished so great a work and rendered so unique a service as the author of the "*Geschichte der Päpste*." Few students at any time have given proof of more tireless industry. The period which formed the main subject of his life's work, though it covered no more than three centuries, was one which admitted and required a vast amount of research in the examination of contemporary documents. Many men, like Gibbon, for example, or E. A. Freeman, have acquired a great reputation as historians without ever finding it necessary to acquaint themselves with sources which were not already in print. But it was not so with Pastor. He was one of the first to avail himself of the opportunity to ransack the secret archives of the Vatican, thrown open by the large-sighted liberality of Pope Leo XIII. There was always new material, often important documents, discovered and printed either in full or in abstract, in every one of the volumes which came from his pen. And of late years, after a temporary suspension caused by the war, he seems to have got ahead of his publishers. We are glad to learn that he has left behind a considerable mass of manuscript almost ready for the press. The amount of sober and fully-documented work he turned out is surprising. For it was not only the twelve stout volumes of the "*Geschichte der Päpste*," but he was further responsible in large measure for the latest instalments of Janssen's "*Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*," for the much expanded revision of the earlier portion of that work, for the editing of the supplementary series of *pièces justificatives* "*Erläuterungen und Ergänzungen*," and for a half-dozen minor books of his own on independent subjects. He had also a most generous understanding of the office of a historian. Social conditions and especially all that related to Art came within his purview, and the variety thus introduced, joined with the charm of a picturesque

and not too involved style, was largely responsible for the literary success which waited upon his efforts from the first. It seems only a few months ago that he was receiving congratulations upon his golden wedding day and as he had not attained an exceptionally advanced age—he was born in 1854—his friends hoped that he might still have years of useful work before him. *Sed dis aliter visum* and we have only the consolation of knowing that he ended his life as he began it, as a most devout and God-fearing Catholic, aided by all the consolations of the Church which he had so faithfully served.

**Emancipation :  
the Eve of the  
Centenary Year.**

The whole Catholic body in these islands is full of eager anticipation of the Emancipation celebrations which will take place, in England at any rate, in June and in September of next year. Although the last few years have seen the removal of some lingering disabilities attached to the profession of the Faith, our Emancipation will not be complete until the Monarch, too, is freed from the law which fetters his conscience, and might at some time force him to choose between his honour and his throne. And so long as the opinion prevails, as it has been lately shown to prevail in the United States of America, that loyalty to one's Faith is not perfectly compatible, both in theory and in practice, with loyalty to one's country, Catholics are still unjustly oppressed, because they are misunderstood and disbelieved, by their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. We note that in Ireland the Emancipation Act of 1829 is sometimes styled—"The Catholic Relief Act"—and that title is indeed the more accurate. It was long before the Protestant mind of this country recognized that Emancipation was not a concession, but an act of bare essential justice. The popular ebullitions at the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850 formed one sign of the lingering of the traditional distrust and, may we not say, that the difficulty we still find in preserving the modicum of justice granted us by the Education Act of 1902, and in getting to-day complete recognition of our rightful claims is a token that we are not yet fully emancipated? However, so much has been won that the rest will surely come in time, provided we continue the struggle. The literature of Emancipation already promises to be voluminous. The C.T.S. has led the way with four useful pamphlets. We can only mention here, reserving them for fuller notice, "The Struggle for Catholic Emancipation," by Denis Gwynn (Longmans: 10s. 6d. n.), an admirably written and finely produced book, and "Catholic Emancipation, reviewed a Century Later," by the Rev. T. O'Herlihy (Gill; 3s. 6d. n.), which devotes itself to the Irish aspect of the matter.

There is a fuller sense in which Catholic Emancipation may still be said to be incomplete. So long as there is a considerable



body of Catholics who are untrue to their faith and under the domination of the world, we cannot be said to be really free. And, indeed, unless we seek this freedom and secure it, our political Emancipation is of comparatively little moment.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Catholicism** and Internationalism [G. de Reynold in *Revue Apologetique*, Nov. 1928, p. 528].

**Magic** and the Sacraments: things apart [B. Grimley, D.D., in *Catholic Gazette*, Nov. 1928, p. 363].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Bigotry** and Forgery at work against Governor A. Smith [R. R. Hull in *Commonweal*, Oct. 24, 1928, p. 626].

**Bigotry** subsidized in U.S.A. [M. Williams in *Commonweal*, Oct. 31, 1928, p. 652].

**Divorce**: Judge Parry's wrong views on [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Catholic Times*, Oct. 26, 1928, p. 11].

**Evolutionists** at Variance about "Neanderthal" Man [Francis Le Buffe, S.J., in *America*, Nov. 10, 1928, p. 109].

**Birth Prevention** and National Citizen's Union: a warning [*Tablet*, Oct. 1928, p. 541].

**Morality** not possible in brute creation [Francis Le Buffe, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 13, 1928, p. 11].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Bureaucracy**, Genesis of [P. L. Blakely, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 13, 1928, p. 15].

**Catholic Statistics** in U.S.A. [G. Shaughnessy, S.M., in *N.C.W.C. Bulletin*, Nov. 1928, p. 21].

**Christ** without the Cross: a Jewish and non-Catholic aspiration [*Tablet*, Nov. 3, 1928, p. 573].

**Dogma**, disappearing outside Catholic Church [*Universe*, Nov. 2, 1928, p. 12].

"**Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique**" of Belgium [*Irish Monthly*, Nov. 1928, p. 601].

**Negro**, The, in U.S.A.: an unreaped harvest [E. F. Murphy, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Nov. 1928, p. 496].

**Rotary Movement**, Catholic grounds for suspecting [G. Hoyois in *La Cité Chrétienne*, Sept. 20, 1928, p. 1047].

**Socialism**: many forms; some unexceptionable [H. Somerville in *Christian Democrat*, Nov. 1928, p. 166].

**Sunday**, The Secularization of [W.J.B. in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 2, 1928, p. 24].

## REVIEWS

### I—A GREAT CONVERT<sup>1</sup>

THIS delightful book transports the reader to the land of Hans Andersen and, in a style at times reminiscent of that illustrious Dane, introduces him to a set of most interesting *dramatis personae*. The famous infidel Jew, Georg Brandes, and his brother Edward; Verkade the Dutch Catholic artist; Sophus Claussen, a "decadent mystic and immoralist," play conspicuous parts. Two others call for special mention: Carl Ewald, litterateur and humanist, and Mogens Ballin, the young Jewish artist, who, shortly after his adoption of Christianity in 1893, joined the Franciscan Order. Ewald stood for man; Ballin for God. The author who speaks of himself as "J.J." is already well known to Catholics on account of his splendid propaganda work. In this volume of autobiography—and we must hope that another will follow—we are told, in a series of fascinating soul-studies, of the spiritual Odyssey by which our hero travelled from agnosticism through pantheism to the haven of rest. The story, palpitating with human psychology, will, if closely studied, yield a rich return. The last three months of the spiritual journey are appropriately and most profitably spent in Italy, chiefly in or near Assisi, with his friend Ballin, who is in his first fervour of amateur Franciscanism. Perhaps at this point it is suitable to present to the reader the graphic account which the author gives of the conversion of this brilliant young Jew: ". . . He read Swedenborg, and one day he saw the greatest of the sons of Israel. He met his great Kinsman from Nazareth and felt unspeakable awe that this was flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood. The young Israelite stood trembling and reverent before the Son of Mary and fell at His feet like Cephaz and Thomas exclaiming: 'My Lord and my God!' It was no long and complicated proceeding. Verkade, only a few years older, had played an important part in it. A visit to Brittany and the Imitation of Christ did the rest." The baptism was in Florence.

This ardent neophyte who believed uncritically in every legend and relic and took a severe view of everything and everybody outside the Catholic Church, must at times have sorely jarred the nerves of his older and sceptical friend; but for all that he "was attracted by all this intransigence. For it could be said of him, as it was said of his divine Kinsman according to the

<sup>1</sup> *Jørgensen; An Autobiography*. Translated from the Danish by Ingeborg Lund. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 326. Price, 10s. 6d.

flesh, he spoke as one having authority and not as the Scribes."

The book is strewn with lovely and forcible sayings. No reviewer can have missed the passage (p. 134) of which the epitome is: "No one becomes an atheist without having deserved it." Take another: "Only he who believes that the good is the almighty has the courage and the desire to do what is right. . . It is better not to talk of the yoke of Christ—that yoke is like the pressure of the atmosphere, man cannot live without it." Until he became a Catholic he knew no true joy, he tried to find happiness in melancholy, he was the victim of moods and at the mercy of gusts of sensuality; his, he says, was "une âme de sépulchre." The passage (p. 216) in which God is set forth as the Lord of Being and the Devil as the Denier of Being provides matter for profound meditation. A number of extracts might be culled which would help a Catholic Evidence speaker considerably in his work: "Surrender yourself to the Church; that is, to the communion with Christ, and you will understand the Scriptures. . . Communion with Christ, not the acceptance of the Scriptures, is the essential point of faith." The way in which he overcomes his prejudices against Catholicism in the domain of history is instructive reading: the ghosts of Bruno, Galileo and the others are all laid to rest. Two beautiful sentences from a letter written to him by his pious Lutheran mother in Svenborg deserve to be quoted: "As soon as we do not speak to God, someone else speaks to us," and, "God does not let go the hand which has once been placed in His." He had always had, like Dante, a special devotion to the stars. He says of himself during the period of his spiritual conflict: "I turn incessantly between two poles like an outlawed star." At another time: "I feel like a butterfly in February." "I am like a bat that has been pulled out into the sun: I have quarrelled with the day and been defrauded by the night." Belief in the absolute unity of the True, the Good and the Beautiful, was one of his cardinal articles of faith. His pen-picture of Brandes the younger, standing bewildered before a painting of the Crucifixion is powerfully drawn.

Perhaps this notice of a great book admirably translated would not be complete without a few words of fault-finding. Should "Seccant" (p. 28) have two "c's"? Why is the Hebrew for spirit (p. 38) printed in Greek letters? Sappho (p. 94) should have two "p's" and I am much surprised if the "i" in "Veduskogin," which supplies a title for a chapter, should not be an "e." Is it not unusual to regard Thomas à Kempis as an Augustinian friar? "St. Rochus'es" (p. 26) looks clumsy. "Superbus Deus resistit": this, as it stands, is blasphemous! What a difference one vowel may make! "ἐν χαῖ πᾶν" also needs one letter—this time a consonant—changing.

The local colouring in connection with the sojourn in Italy is, as might be expected, quite delicious. Intimate peeps are given into the family life of the peasants. The two priests—one oddly enough of Dutch origin—are well portrayed.

The ending of this finely-told story is characteristic. Piombino, the village fiddler, is returning from a feast playing his instrument for the love of it like a veritable troubadour. "And while Piombino was again beginning to play, there was a voice within me that said: 'you thought you were giving up poetry, Giovanni! Behold, she is coming towards you fairer than ever before!'" After this vision the conversion of Giovanni—"J.J."—is a foregone conclusion; but we earnestly pray that we may hear more about it.

One parting remark. A Jew—Brandes—caused Jørgensen to give up his faith; another Jew—Ballin—helped him to regain it. Salvation may be still, in a sense, "from the Jews."

A.F.D.

## 2—BLAKE INTERPRETED<sup>1</sup>

IN the expository preface prefixed to this volume, the author explains how he gradually became convinced that the *Songs of Innocence and Experience* could not be rightly understood except upon allegorical principles of interpretation. Blake's own sub-title described the songs as "*showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul*," such a description, Mr. Wicksteed argues, is calculated to prepare the reader for remote and hidden meanings in what is apparently a straightforward collection of songs about childhood and youth. The idea, of course, was not new. But Mr. Wicksteed's exploitation of it is so original, so consistent and so profound that there must be few rivals indeed to dispute his supremacy in an abstruse and perilous department of criticism. Perilous, we say, since it demands a combination of intense imaginative insight and restraining common sense which must always be somewhat rare; and without which allegorical comment must inevitably lapse into disastrous absurdity. That Mr. Wicksteed's work avoids this peril, will be conceded, we think, by every competent reader.

The esoteric meaning to be found in these poems is, as the author assures us, something "singularly simple and sane. Joy he conceives as the core of life, joy which we do not learn, or receive, or derive, from something else, but which is our own being and essence. And yet no one better understood the part played by sorrow in the expansion of the soul. . . . Every birth into a higher

<sup>1</sup> *Blake's Innocence and Experience. A Study of the Songs and Manuscripts.* By Joseph H. Wicksteed, M.A. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. Illustrated. Pp. 301. Price, 21s. net.

life may be (is?) through the portals of pain and distress; so that radiant as our essential Being is, there is no place too dire or dark for the mind to contemplate or for the soul to explore. If God is manifest as the Lamb 'by the stream and o'er the mead,' He can reveal Himself equally 'in the forests of the night' as the Tyger. And when the night yields to day it is a greater day."

This is beautifully and truly said, and there can be no doubt that it fits in with the suggestions of Blake's poetic work. For it is, after all, a matter of suggestion, not of outright, prosaic statement, and a critic such as Mr. Wicksteed can but devise a method and offer a hypothesis, for the unravelling of an enigma which certainly needs elucidation. As he himself warns us, there is no question of "explaining" the poetry itself. "We can never say why certain images and sequences of words produce an effect so magical on the ear and on the mind. But by understanding Blake's meaning (his hidden meaning) we sometimes hear his poetry where we did not hear it before, and we are no longer obliged to conceive some of his most wonderful lines as 'a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.'" Once more, we can only avow our opinion that the present work amply vindicates this contention.

The volume contains, besides the expository preface from which we have quoted, a general introduction and, by way of appendix, an elaborate study of the MS. of the Songs of Experience. There are upwards of fifty poems in all, with copies of the original texts and illustrations. The printing and get-up of the book are excellent, and the price, at modern rates, is by no means excessive.

### 3—POPES AND ORIENTAL PATRIARCHS<sup>1</sup>

THESE historical researches have for object to record such relations as from time to time, since the Turkish Conquest, passed between the Eastern Patriarchates and the Holy See. The volume under review is confined to happenings in the eighteenth century between Rome and Alexandria. It is now absolutely certain that two Alexandrian "Popes," Gerasimus II. (Palladas) and his successor Samuel (Kapasoules) corresponded with Pope Clement XI. Furthermore, it is established beyond question, despite the denials of the schismatic historian Papadoulas-Kerameus, that Samuel Kapasoules, Alexandrian Greek Patriarch from 1710 to 1723, made his submission to the See of Rome and took the oath of allegiance to Pope Clement XI. after making formal profession of faith of which the Greek text with an Italian translation is given. Father Hofmann has gathered together all docu-

<sup>1</sup> *Greek Patriarchs and Roman Popes. Researches and Texts. I. Samuel Kapasoules, Patriarch of Alexandria and Pope Clement XI.* By George Hofmann, S.J. Rome: Institute of Oriental Studies.

ments bearing on this case, whether in Greek, Italian, or French. He furnishes photographic copies of the Patriarch's letters, adding printed copies of the same in current Greek type. The go-between was the custodian of the Holy Places; and all the latter's correspondence is reproduced in the original Italian, as also the testimony given by the French Consul at Cairo.

The editor brings research to bear on the conduct of Samuel subsequently to his submission, with the result that all evidence points to his unflinching fidelity. The Patriarch's submission to Rome aroused intense opposition on the part of some of his Greek subjects; yet to the end of his life he remained faithful to Rome. The episode was well worth recording, though but an instance of transitory reunion between Alexandria and Rome. The precedent is, however, there; and who knows how soon it may be repeated with more enduring effect? It is to promote such reunion that the Pontifical Oriental Institute was founded; and we can only extol the methods it is adopting towards the attainment of so desirable an end.

## SHORT NOTICES.

### BIBLICAL.

**R**EADERS who already know "In der Schule des Evangeliums," by the late Father H. Cladder, S.J., will be pleased to see it in an English dress, the first volume of which is given to us in *The Saviour as St. Matthew saw Him*, vol. I., by the Rev. Francis J. Haggency, S.J. (Herder: 9s.). It is not strictly a translation. More abstruse matter has been omitted or enlarged; where Father Cladder has departed from the common view, the opinion of Knabenbauer has been preferred, illustrations have been altered to such as might seem better suited to English-speaking countries. But, apart from these variations, Father Cladder has been faithfully reproduced. Those who have known him and his work will remember how he emphasizes the loss that may come from too great anxiety to harmonize the four Gospels. Each Evangelist looked at our Lord from a special angle, and we learn most from him by keeping the same point of view. This is the principle on which these meditations have been written; we do not exaggerate when we say that they contain more solid matter than is usual in books of meditation. They are akin to Meschler. The present volume, in twenty-five meditations, takes us to the beginning of the Galilean ministry. But no one could cover all the ground in twenty-five meditations.

There is much solid matter, and much labour has been spent in collecting it, in *The Gospel for the Laity* or, *Jesus the Teacher of Eternal Salvation*, by F. J. Remler, C.M. (Herder: 7s.). The author laments the ignorance of the Gospels among the laity; above all that so many do not connect the teaching of their faith with the teaching of our Lord. He thinks very well, not only that He is the best of Masters, but also that His words have a beauty all their own which nothing in the world can equal. Therefore, so far as he is able, he gives the doctrine of



salvation and means to attain it, first in an analysis according to the doctrine of the Church, then in a series of passages taken from the Gospel texts. The result is an anthology of the most beautiful passages in the Gospels, grouped together under special headings, making Gospel reading a pleasure of a new kind. An admirable index makes the volume of further use to preachers who would illustrate their instructions with longer passages from Scripture than are contained, say, in Kenelm Vaughan's Scripture Text-book. Where the Evangelists have told the same story, the versions have been harmonized.

Advanced views propounded by writers of the liberal school of Biblical students leave little historical content in the early annals of Israel. In his recent volume of *Old Testament Essays* (Cambridge University Press: 12s. 6d. net) Dr. R. H. Kennett has certainly not erred on the side of allowing too great credibility to the Hebrew records. Though it is admitted that some tradition of Joseph, for instance, was probably preserved at Shechem, at what was supposed to be his burial place, it is held to be now impossible to discover what that tradition may have been. The story may have as historical foundation the fact that some Hebrew slave had risen to a position of authority under one of the Pharaohs, but "it is exceedingly improbable that any such person is to be identified with the Joseph of Gen. xlix. 22: Deut. xxxiii. 13." Indeed, Joseph had probably never been in Egypt at all, but "when it was believed that all the tribes had been in Egypt, it would naturally be taken for granted that Joseph had been there too." And "this being so, a tradition of some successful Hebrew slave may have been fathered on to him." The Cambridge Professor considers that the Joseph story was elaborated in the seventh century B.C., partly "to impress upon newcomers, whom Kings of Assyria had settled in the province of Samaria, the greatness of the legendary ancestor of the land where they were now becoming naturalized," and partly to urge natives of Palestine, many of whom "appear to have migrated to Egypt" at this period, "to remember the example of Joseph who, though he attained to wealth and power in Egypt, forgot neither the land of his birth nor the God of his fathers." For this reconstruction no evidence or arguments are adduced except the statement that "the story of Joseph, as we find it, whether in J or E, affords no evidence of great antiquity," and the remark that "the full account of Joseph's career in Egypt is in marked contrast with the absence of any statement about Moses' early life" (p. 40). There was probably nothing of note in Moses' early life which an ancient Hebrew writer would have thought of recording, on the other hand there is nothing in the story of Joseph which conflicts positively with our scanty knowledge of ancient Egypt, and further discoveries may elucidate some now obscure points. The conception of the Biblical writings, of which the foregoing is an illustration, takes no account of the psychological impossibility involved. If these stories were composed as conscious fictions in the seventh century B.C., they could never have passed within a short space to the rank of sacred literature of unquestioned and unquestionable authority. For the rest it may be added that the essays collected in this volume have been composed at intervals in the course of the last seven years and are now published in the hope that they may serve to illustrate the

development of the religion of Israel. In general they are in harmony with that theory of the origin of the Old Testament which Dr. Kennett set forth in the article "Israel" in Hastings' "Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics."

#### DEVOTIONAL.

It would be difficult to imagine a more complete armoury for a catechist than *Le Directeur des Catechismes de Première Communion et de Persévérance*, by the Abbé Turcan (Téqui: 3 vols., 35 fr. 50). In theory it is a course of training for a first communicant; in reality it is a complete instruction on the whole of Christian doctrine, adapted to children of first communion age. Each lesson—there are over a hundred in all—is divided into seven parts: 1) Hints to the catechist, practical and full of common sense. 2) The lesson proper, carefully subdivided so that the teacher may choose what he will. 3) Questions and answers, recapitulating what has been taught. 4) Stories taken from the Bible or the Lives of the Saints for illustration. 5) A practice to be recommended. 6) A prayer to be said. 7) A summary which the child may learn by heart.

A year ago there was published in America an English translation of *Le Christ dans la Vie Chrétienne d'après Saint Paul*, by M. l'Abbé J. Duperray, which we believe was well received. We welcome a fourth edition of the French original (Gabalda: 18 fr.), for it proves that the author's thesis has been esteemed in his own country as it should be. The doctrine is in no way new; indeed its whole strength lies in its antiquity. But as an analysis of the central teaching of St. Paul the work supplements and carries further forward the admirable work of Père Prat.

On a broader field the same subject is discussed in *Vivre la Trinité et Jésus, ou La Théologie vécue*, by the Redemptorist Père A. Phillipe (Giraudon, Paris). The unconventional title of the book explains its special purpose which is to prove the conformity of the highest mystical teaching with dogmatic theology. Naturally it is not an easy book to read, but the student who follows the author's careful guidance will be amply rewarded. Incidentally there are many practical hints on prayer, sympathetic and encouraging.

#### LITURGICAL.

Though we have several books in English on the history and meaning of the Mass, still there seems to be always room for more, and each one that is published seems to give another point of view which adds to our knowledge. *The Roman Mass*, translated from the French of Father Pierre Maranget by the Rev. Joseph Howard (Sheed and Ward: 3s. 6d. net), is singularly full and interesting. The author keeps for his background the historical development of the Mass from the beginning; as he does so he dwells especially on the growth of the liturgy, with its dogmatic as well as its ritual significance. He examines in particular the prayers of the Mass and their forms; priests will find much light in the discussion on the "structure, plan, rhythm, and style" of the Roman Prayer. But the book has not been written specially for them; probably a layman will be still more interested to discover how much of the life, as well as of the history of the Church is contained

in the Mass. Indeed it is her own sacrifice; the papacy, the dogmas of the Church, the apostolic tradition, are all so stamped upon it that for anyone to use it who is not of her fold is a pitiful parody. This book, on this account, is most opportune.

It will be unnecessary to recommend to our clergy **The Ritual Explained**, by the Rev. W. Dunne, B.A., of Ushaw, which has reappeared in a fourth edition. In this edition the text has been revised in accordance with the new Code, with the latest additions in the Missal, and with the latest Roman Decrees. (B.O. and W.: 4s.)

#### HISTORICAL.

Dom Louis Gougaud has given us a veritable mine of information on an interesting subject in **Eremites et Reclus** (Abbaye St.-Martin de Ligugé, Vienne: 12.00 fr.). In the foot-notes alone we have mentioned, perhaps, every book that has been written on hermits and recluses, in English, French or German, of late years; while references to the fathers and mediæval writers are innumerable. Four points Dom Gougaud has mainly kept in mind in his study; the number of hermits and recluses, the kind of life they lived, their relations with the Church, and their relations with the world outside. His aim is strictly historical, hence there is no room for imagination in his work; but one can well see a writer of romance mastering what is here contained and giving us volume after volume on the lines of Mgr. Benson's, "Richard Raynall," or Miss Enid Dinnis', "The Anchorhold." We are particularly struck by the number of references to English writers, ancient and modern. It would seem that hermits and recluses were particularly common in this country during the Middle Ages, and that to-day interest in them is more marked here than elsewhere. There is a valuable index of proper names.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

It is but a short time since we had occasion to notice the Life of the Foundress of the Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. Now we have a brief summary of the same, **Reverend Mother Mary of Providence** (Sands: 1s. n.), dwelling mainly on the foundation of the Society in the first part, and in the second on the personality of the Reverend Mother Foundress. She has a charm and a freshness all her own; a soul with sanctity growing in it unawares. She was only forty-six when she died, yet she did so much; but then so did St. Francis Xavier.

Of another type, yet very fascinating, is **Sister Mary Immaculate**, A Lay-Sister of the Society of the Retreat of the Sacred Heart, 1884-1926, translated by Mother St. Paul (Sheed and Ward: 1s. 6d. n.). In a preface Father Martindale dwells on the strange incongruity of one apparently so unsuited, living and dying in so busy an order. He solves the problem by pointing out God's ways in distributing the cross. In this short life there is much akin to that of Ste. Thérèse; though in herself Sister Mary Immaculate was one of those holy souls who could never speak out.

The devotion to Margaret Sinclair continues to increase, not only in England and Scotland, but in France and elsewhere, as the second edition of Mgr. Laveille's **Marguerite Sinclair** (Téqui: 8.00 fr.) sufficiently proves. The present life calls her, "Une petite fleur Ecossaise, émule de Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux," and as such it puts her before its readers.

The author has drawn upon the two English lives already well known, and has been further helped by other documents from a reliable source; so that this French life is more complete than anything we have so far in English. There are several illustrations.

FICTION.

In *The King of Shadows* (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. net) Mrs. Margaret Yeo has taken the "Old Pretender" for hero, and using both a competent knowledge of history, and a subtle historical imagination, has given substance and colour to a somewhat vague figure. The result is not only pleasing but convincing, and James III. stands before us, the most lovable as well as the most Catholic, of the Stuarts. The novel is full of life, love and adventure, and if sometimes the art of the romancer, in coincidence and other devices, is a bit too manifest, the reader, swept away by the rush of the narrative, has no mind to complain.

Mrs. George Norman's new novel, *Hylton's Wife* (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d. n.) is of a purely analytical character, discussing the reactions created in the mind and heart of an over-loving, Catholic wife by the discovery of her husband's infidelity, and the later doubt of the reality of their marriage. The situation is complicated by the intervention of a third party, hoping his chance will come with a divorce. It happily falls to the lot of comparatively few of our faith to meet with such experiences, and we can only follow Mrs. Norman's dissection of motives and impulses with trust in their correctness and admiration of her subtle skill. More unqualified praise is due to her power of description, whether of man or of nature. Our non-Catholic friends will learn incidentally some sound doctrine about the marriage contract.

To succeed in writing a controversial novel, one must be able to present the case for the adversary in a way which he himself could not better, *i.e.*, with a full knowledge of its strength and of the mentality of those that hold it. This Newman did in "Loss and Gain," and this a new writer, Miss (?) E. C. Alder, does with considerable skill in *Via Romana* (Crosby Lockwood: 7s. 6d. n.), wherein the progress of a zealous but very human soul, from "Anglo-Catholicism" through an Anglican sisterhood to the True Fold, is depicted in detail. The writer undoubtedly has "been there" herself and shows a competent knowledge of all the intricacies of the "Continuity" fallacy. We are glad to see that she recognizes that what makes Anglicanism a mere human institution is not so much its defect of orders as its defect of Apostolic jurisdiction. The various types of the Establishment are generally drawn with sympathy, and the imperfections of the heroine's own character, to which much of her trouble is due, are not glossed over. The picture cover, so far as it is intelligible, belies the contents of the book.

We are not told how much the Rev. H. Gaffney, O.P., had to write so as to complete *Tristram Lloyd* (Longmans: 7s. 6d. n.), described as "an unfinished story by the Rev. Canon Sheehan" and we are not skilled enough as higher critics to detect "the join" from the text. But we suspect that the story needed more than an ending. There are gaps and incoherences in it calling for the author's revision. However, sketchy though it be, there is enough of the mellow humour and literary skill of the late Canon to make it acceptable to his world-wide admirers. The Rev. H. J. Heuser, the biographer of the Canon, contributes a useful introduction.

Canon Sheehan never quite recaptured the first careless rapture of **My New Curate** (Longmans: 6s. n.) his first book, which now appears, to delight a fresh generation of readers, in an English edition, twenty-nine years after the original one. Of all his works it is the most certain of immortality, for it portrays qualities, in the priests and people of Ireland, which will last as long as their faith.

A charming story, to be read by or to children, called **Peter the Cub** (Herbert Jenkins: 2s. 6d. n.) carries on the adventures of Peter and Veronica of which Miss Margaret Beech is the chronicler. The cover alone is enough to excite the enthusiasm both of "Cubs" and "Brownies," and the contents fully carry out its promise.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

We have received a remarkable little brochure on **The Cathedral of St. Stephen in Vienna**, by Wilhelm Weckbacher, translated by Dr. Euph. Eminger (Austrian State Printing Office, Vienna: 4 shillings Austrian). The book has been published as a help to the Vienna Cathedral Building Association, which hopes to proceed with the completion of this ancient and wonderful monument. As one might expect this little volume of 87 pages teems with information, historical, archæological, and architectural. There are 47 illustrations, all well produced and striking.

There is much wisdom along with not a little "malicious humour" in **Eutychus, or The Future of the Pulpit**, by Winifred Holtby (Kegan Paul: 2s. 6d. net). The author sets three men talking, Fénelon for the past, Anthony for modern "science," and Eutychus for the ordinary man of all ages. They discuss the pulpit as it is to-day, in our churches, and on our platforms; and argue thence to the future. The conclusion is striking. There is no real preaching without authority to preach; if it does not exist it will be assumed or invented. Consciously or unconsciously this little book is a remarkable testimony to the Catholic Church and her claim.

The same witness is borne by another valuable treatise, **The Preacher's Library**, by Father Stephen J. Brown, S.J. (Sheed and Ward: 3s. 6d. net). Father Brown does not argue about the future. He knows there will always be preachers, and he has set himself the task of providing them with the best material the world has to offer, in the shape of an analysed bibliography ranging from the Fathers to to-day. He has arranged his lists under 1) Teachers, 2) Scripture, 3) Models, 4) Preachers' Aids, 5) Published Sermons, and has given a copious index. Father Brown's criticisms of the authors he mentions are very helpful.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

"A happy idea well carried out" will be the verdict on **Cinderella: a New and Original Version**, by the Wilfrid Ward Family (Sheed and Ward: 1s. 6d.). The idea was to tell the fairy story by means of parodied versions of classical English authors and well-known songs. The result gives great freshness and humour to the hackneyed tale. The play has stood the test of acting and has been found instructive as well as amusing as a school entertainment.

A little correspondence between the Rev. C. H. Sharp and Lady Astor, published with the title **Lady Astor and Birth Prevention** (John

White, Stroud: 6d.), gives a useful illustration of the need (and the lack) of clear thinking on a vital topic. We have no doubt that Lady Astor is on the side of the angels in this matter, but she herself does not make it plain.

The **Gift of Life** (Liturgical Press: 10c.) is the apt title of a liturgical booklet, compiled by the Rev. R. E. Power and containing the rite of Baptism with appropriate explanations.

Two parts of a series of stories, called **In Mary's Realm** and containing five parts in all, by E. M. Power (Sands: 2d. each) concern the days of persecution in Lancashire and present a vivid picture of the troubles of our Catholic forefathers.

The well-known and very useful **Catholic Diary** (B.O. and W.: 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.) comes of age for the year 1929 and may be proud of its maturity. Equally handy, and with more details of Church services, is the **Catholic Almanack for 1929** (Same publishers: 2d.).

Mr. Herder issues at 1s. a large volume, **The Catholic Home Annual**, which, besides the usual calendar information, contains a series of papers on the general subject of Catholic Emancipation and its antecedents. We wish that it had been made plainer that the present Establishment dates from the reign of Elizabeth and has no vital connection with Henry's Schismatic Church.

The C.T.S. output of twopenny pamphlets embraces **Common-Sense Talks on Morality**, by the Rev. J. Degen, a very "mixed grill," the pervading ingredient of which is a kindly zeal and a keen exposure of human weakness: **Mother Magdalen Taylor**, by M. A. Dickens, a modern foundress of a flourishing congregation: **Did Christ organize a Church?** by A. H. C. Downes, answered conclusively in the affirmative; four popular reprinted stories and **The Precious Blood** by Father R. Clarke, S.J. (90th thousand). Other reprints are:—**The Virgin Birth and the Gospel of the Infancy**, by C. C. Martindale, S.J.: **Faith and Facts**, by A. O'Rahilly, M.A.: **The Myth of the Walled-up Nun**, by H. Thurston, S.J. The interesting paper by C. A. Newdigate, S.J., on **The Lancashire Martyrs** is published at 1d., with a Foreword by the Bishop of Lancaster.

The sister Society, the C.T.S. of Ireland, sends seven pamphlets, all new—**The Litany of the Saints**, brief biographies of the Saints invoked therein: **St. Teresa and the Apostolate of Carmel**, a very illuminating account: **A Pioneer of Devotion to the Sacred Heart in America** (Mother Duchesne), by R. MacDermot: **The Fall and Original Sin**, by Rev. W. Moran, D.D.: **The Third Order of St. Francis**, by the Rev. Gregory Cleary, O.F.M.: **The Sacred Roman Rota**, by the Rev. M. J. Browne, D.D.: and **Blessed Albert the Great**.

The **Jesus Story Book** (B.O. and W.: 1s.), by the Benedictines of Talacre, gives in ornamental script with illustrations some of our Lord's Parables:—a useful Christmas present.

Those who are interested in the economic policy called Distributism, which is in thorough accord with Catholic ideals, and those who are distressed by the dire spectacle of chronic unemployment and its consequences, should procure a leaflet called **Unemployment: a Distributist Solution**, issued by the Birmingham Branch of the Distributist League (7, Soho Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.) and published at ½d. or 3s. 3d. a 100.



## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- AUSTRIAN STATE PRINTING OFFICE, Vienna.  
*The Cathedral of St. Stephen in Vienna.* By Wilhelm Weckbecker. Pp. x. 94. Price, 4s. (Austrian).  
 BEAUCHESNE, Paris.  
*Saint Francis de Sales.* By Abbé J. Leclercq. Pp. 312. Price, 12.00 fr.  
 BENZIGER BROS., New York.  
*Mary Rose at Rose Gables.* By M. M. Wirries. Pp. 157. Price, \$1.00. *Dan's Worst Friend.* By Robert Holland, S.J. Pp. 222. Price, \$1.25. *God's Wonderland.* By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Pp. 64. Price.  
 BURNS OATES AND WASHBOURNE, London.  
*The Catholic Church and Confession.* By Revs. L. Geddes and H. Thurston, S.J. Pp. 104. Price, 4s. n. *The King's Vicar.* By Rev. W. A. Spence. Pp. ix. 54. Price, 1s. *Saint Paul.* By Fernand Prat, S.J. Pp. ix. 204. Price, 3s. 6d. *The Catholic Diary for 1929.* Price, 1s. 6d. etc. *The Catholic Almanack for 1929.* Price, 2d. *Verbal Concordance to the New Testament.* By the Rev. N. Thompson, S.T.D. Pp. 394. Price, 15s. *Some Methods of Teaching Religion.* By the Rev. J. T. McMahon. Pp. xiv. 265. Price, 7s. 6d. *Chigwell.* By Dominic Devas, O.F.M. Pp. ix. 83. Price, 3s. 6d. *The Herolne of Petang.* By H. Mazeau. Pp. xiii. 252. Price, 6s. *Pauline Jaricot.* Translated from the French of E. S.-M. Perrin. Pp. ix. 275. Price, 7s. 6d. *Thoughts of St. Bernard.* Edited by W. W. Williams. Pp. ix. 155. Price, 2s. 6d. *Thoughts of St. Ignatius.* Translated by A. McDougal. Pp. 96. Price, 2s. 6d.  
 CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.  
*The Cambridge Shorter Bible.* Arranged by A. Nairne, etc. Pp. viii. 890. Price, 7s. 6d. n.  
 C.T.S., London.  
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